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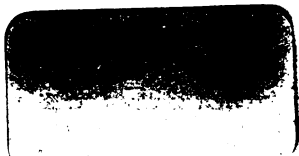
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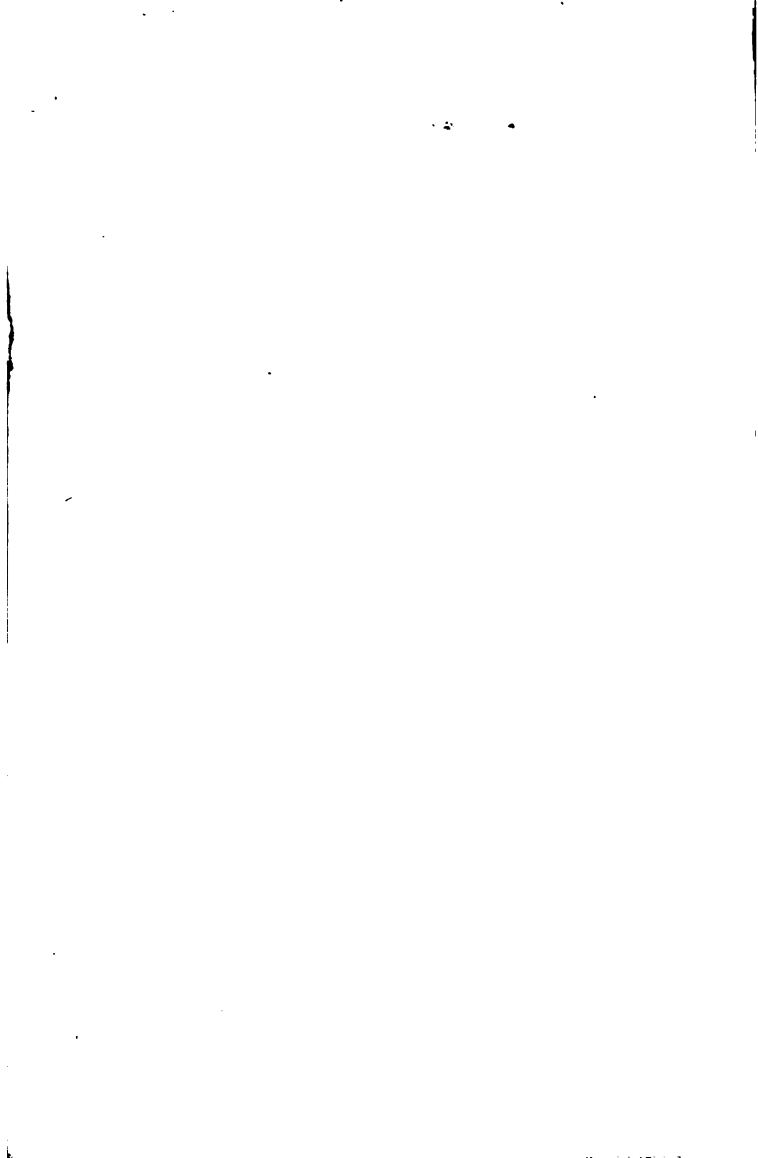
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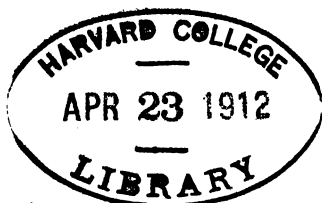
Pioneers of Southern Literature.

BY SAMUEL ALBERT LINK.

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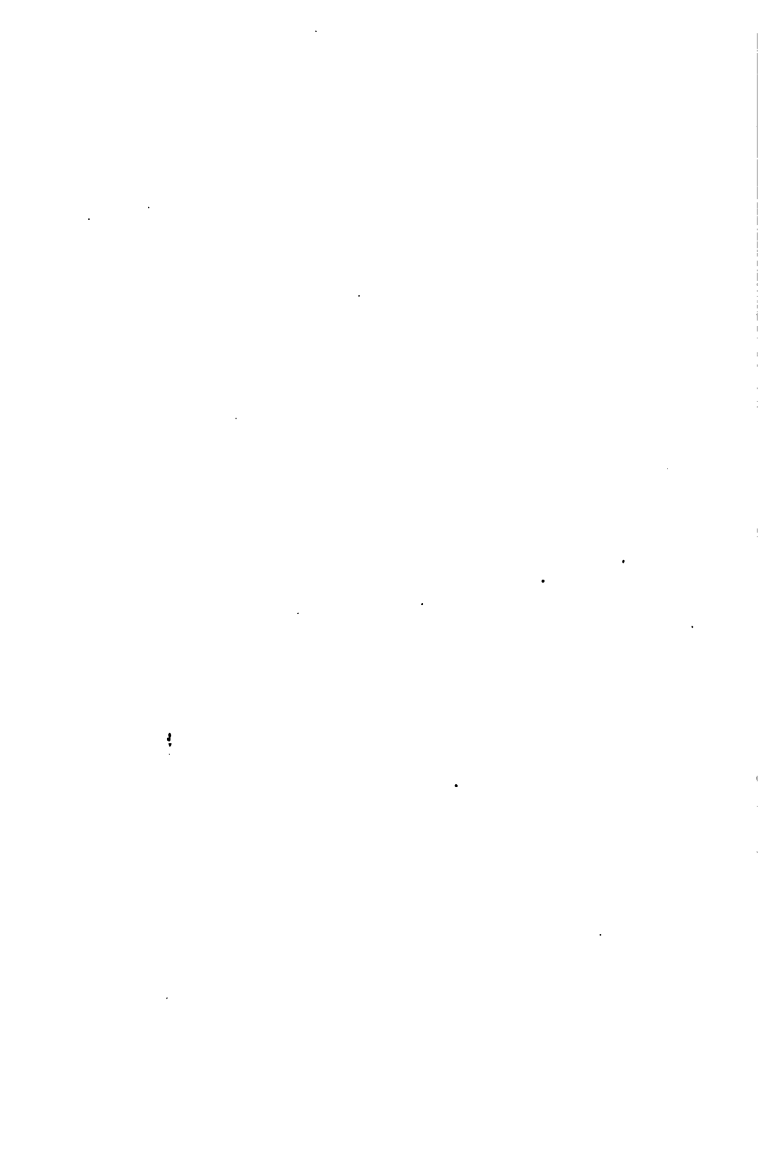


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IN the summer of 1833 Mr. Lambert A. Wilmer, proprietor of the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor*, offered two prizes as follows: for the best tale in prose, one hundred dollars; for the best poem, fifty dollars. Among the tales submitted, was a collection of half a dozen neatly written in a small volume, and entitled "Tales of the Folio Club." These proved so enthralling that, it is said, the committee of award read the entire number from beginning to end, and found their only difficulty in choosing which of the six should be entitled to the premium. Finally, one of these, entitled "MS. Found in a Bottle," was adjudged worthy not only of the prize but also of a certificate of flattering praise.

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"The Coliseum" was awarded the second prize as the best poem, but when this was found to be the work of the same writer the second award was transferred to another competitor. The judges in this contest were Dr. J. H. Miller, J. H. B. Latrobe, Esq., and John P. Kennedy, Esq., the author of "Swallow Barn." The author of the prize tale proved to be a stranger to the committee. The publication of the report of the committee led to an interview between Mr. Kennedy and the unknown author, Mr. Edgar Allan Poe. Of this meeting we get the following account in Tuckerman's "Life of Kennedy." "The prize money had not been paid, and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock coat concealed the want of a shirt, and

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imperfect boots disclosed the absence of hose. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice, conversation, and manners, all won upon the lawyer's regard." The story goes that Mr. Kennedy not only advanced the means for much needed clothing, but availed to secure literary hack work for him at Baltimore, at length securing for him admission to the columns of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which was established at Richmond, Va., August, 1834, by Mr. Thomas W. White, and of which Mr. Poe became assistant editor in November, 1835. This is the introduction to the world of literature of the unfortunate but gifted Edgar Allan Poe, who in the originating power of his genius stands preeminent and unique among American men of letters.

When we seek to learn his history and understand his gifts we are met

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upon the threshold of the subject by a decided and oftentimes angry variance among those who have attempted to set forth the facts of his life and assign his works a proper position in the field of literature. A few of his critics are, no doubt, too laudatory; on the other hand, some have shown a lack of comprehension and a meanness of spirit almost marvelous beyond belief. From Griswold to Thomas Dunn English, those who have found everything to censure and little to praise have shown a virulence hardly to be found in the discussions concerning any other character in literature. However, this bitterness of spirit has not been without its advantage to his name and fame, since many who knew him best were led to speak in his behalf before it was too late. More has been written of him than of any other American writer. Walter Scott's schoolmaster would have been forgotten long ago but

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for the fact that he called the Wizard of the North a dunce, so Griswold would hardly remain a memory but for the fact that he wreaked his hate upon the dead in the shape of a biography of Poe. Nevertheless, he and his successors have failed to mar the continued growth of Mr. Poe's fame. His foibles have been held up to censure, and his faults—he had one which became his master—have been paraded as if these would utterly invalidate his claims to genius. This has not always originated from the fact that these self-constituted censors have despised his faults above those of others. The man who does not take his literary values from his cotemporaries must ever appear to them as erratic and perverse, nor can they have any conception of his genius, but in many instances and on the most petty pretexts deny to him any such creative force. The blazing comet that burns its way

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through our system is ever a mysterious visitant. No laws belonging to less eccentric bodies are known to apply to its weird movements. From what vast cavern of the universe has it come? In the conflagration of what worlds have its fires been lighted, and in what unknown ocean of space shall they be extinguished? These seem destined ever to be questions of speculation not unmixed with wonder and awe. No more can the laws which govern genius in its advent and destiny be understood by those outside the pale of its splendor. Cavilers have found enough worthy of censure in Poe's life, for his literature was based on better principles than his life, but none of them in their own efforts have made any approach to the originating genius and discriminating care shown in his art.

While Poe died poor and apparently forsaken nearly fifty years ago, his is the one name which ranks all

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others in the European estimate of American literature. Of two names sometimes mentioned in connection, Hawthorne excels in touch of human sympathy, but Poe is superior in creative and structural ability. The directing hand of power and the poetic touch of beauty are continually discerned in Poe's best tales. Both he and Hawthorne borrowed much of the Erebuslike shade of Charles Brockden Browne, but "The Fall of the House of Usher" excels all known pictures in its spectacle of inevitable ruin.

Various and conflicting statements have been published in regard to almost all the ordinary facts of Poe's life. If we follow these curiously wrought histories, we find that this ill-fated child of genius was born in 1811, in 1809, on January 19, on February 19, at Baltimore, at Boston, that he quitted the University of Virginia with highest honor, that he was expelled, that he

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started to Greece and found himself a prisoner in Russia, that he did not go to Europe at that time, but enlisted instead in the United States army under an assumed name—but these discrepancies might be continued *ad libitum*, as this does not half exhaust the list. Material for a biography was put into the hands of Rufus W. Griswold, who soon proved that even death had failed to soften a former enmity which Poe had supposed forgotten. A few days after Poe's death he wrote a notice so bitter that friends came to the defense of the dead writer's name. Possibly these were not always judicious in the choice of expressions. At any rate Griswold became so enraged that he wrote a biography which became historical for its falsehoods and vituperation; facts were suppressed, and detrimental incidents invented. Such of Poe's literary remains as have not been destroyed have not

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yet passed into the hands of impartial critics. However, many of the difficulties have in a measure been removed by a number of friends raised up by the very bitterness of the Griswold memoir. There has been a revival of Poe cult in recent years, and with that a disposition here and there to revive old slanders by a few who fear that efforts to whiten Poe may blacken those who formerly wrote of him with such bitterness.

Mr. Woodberry has written the life of Poe for the American Men of Letters Series. In that he has succeeded in throwing light upon some hitherto obscure parts of the life of this "Unlucky Master." With this work and Ingram's "Life of Poe" before me, together with sketches by Stoddard, Stedman, Lowell, Brander Matthews, Mrs. Susan Archer Talley Weiss, and a dozen others, the following seems the proper outline of what may be

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set forth : Edgar Poe was born in Boston January 19, 1809. He was the son of David Poe, a young lawyer who had married an English actress of considerable talent, having previously adopted her profession. This David Poe was likewise the son of David Poe of Baltimore. The elder David was known as General Poe, on account of an honorable part taken in the War for Independence. After the birth of Edgar his parents, who were temporarily at Boston in the exercise of their profession, journeyed south as far as Richmond, where his mother died when he was three years old, leaving him, an elder brother, and a younger sister to be disposed of as might seem befitting a world of strangers. The children were apportioned out to such as felt charitably inclined, young Edgar finding favor in the eyes of the young and childless wife of Mr. John Allan, a wealthy to-

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bacco-dealer of Richmond, who had emigrated from England. From this time the child Edgar Poe became at first perhaps Edgar Allan, and later Edgar Allan Poe. He was brought up in the luxuriance of wealth as the child of this family. No money seems to have been spared in gratifying his whims or giving him pleasure. The memory of this munificence gnawed upon his spirit when he became an outcast. At the age of six we are told this precocious lad could read, draw, declaim, dance, and, what was worse, by at least one account, could stand in a chair and pledge the company "right roguishly" in a glass of wine, thus laying the foundation for so many of the woes by which he was beset and sharpening the beak of the raven which was to pierce his heart. Mr. Allan spent his summers for a few years at White Sulphur Springs, where the prettily

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dressed, handsome boy with his pony and dogs was long remembered. Mr. Allan returned to England for a time about 1815, and the lad was placed in Manor House school at Stoke-Newington, a suburb of London, there to remain for possibly five years. Some of the memories of that school were afterward woven into that wonderful story, "William Wilson," which brought a new theme into literature, the idea of a man being haunted by his double. Hawthorne in "Howe's Mask," and Stevenson in "Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde" have availed themselves of the same weird fancy in somewhat diverse guise. A gentleman visiting Stoke-Newington thinks the gloom of the old Quaker building impressed itself upon the spirit of the boy to depart—nevermore. In August, 1820, young Poe entered the English and classical school of Mr. Joseph H. Clarke, of Richmond, Va.

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Of this period of his life Col. J. T. L. Preston, the husband of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, says: "Edgar Poe might have been at this time fifteen or sixteen, he being one of the oldest boys in the school and I one of the youngest. His power and accomplishments captivated me, and something in me or in him made him take a fancy to me. In the simple school athletics of those days, when a gymnasium had not been heard of, he was *facile princeps*. He was a swift runner, a wonderful leaper, and, what was more rare, a boxer, with some slight training. . . . For swimming he was noted, being in many of his athletic proclivities surprisingly like Byron in his youth. There was no one among the school-boys who would so dare in the rapids of the James River." Another of Poe's schoolmates recorded a particular feat in swimming in which he swam six miles against a

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tide of three or four miles per hour. A sensitive morbidness was a distinguishing trait through life. This often rendered him unhappy and produced at times a disposition to turn and defy not only his foes but likewise those who sought to be his friends. There is a passage in Col. Preston's recollections which gives some explanation of that phase of character. Col. Preston says: "At the time of which I speak, Richmond was one of the most aristocratic cities on this side of the Atlantic. . . . A school is of its nature democratic, but still, boys will unconsciously bear about the odor of their fathers' notions, good or bad. Of Edgar Poe it was known that his parents had been players, and that he was dependent upon the bounty that is bestowed upon an adopted son. All this had the effect of making the boys decline his leadership; and on looking back on it since, I fancy it gave him

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a fierceness he would not otherwise have had." Yet the same narrator tells of his superior scholarship, which ordinarily would have brought leadership. The same resentment against humanity in general was naturally excited in later years when he so often found men of far less ability occupying positions of greater honor and profit, while those dear to him were suffering the pangs of cold and hunger. Need it be a matter of surprise that as a critic he waged fierce war upon mediocrity to an extent that sometimes assumed the appearance of personal spite? We have only to read some of the names which came under his pen to realize how he must have felt while he in a measure effected the dethronement of some of the "quacks of Helicon." The records show Edgar A. Poe to have entered the University of Virginia February 14, 1826, and to have closed his connection with that institution December

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15 of the same year. Much has been written of his connection with the university, but the fact remains that his standing in scholarship was excellent, that he had no trouble with the authorities, and that his bust occupies a central position in the new library. There is a tradition of drinking handed down by some of his fellow students, and certain gambling debts made trouble with his foster-father. Hands of horror have been held up over these early sins to an extent not thought of in the case of any other author. The infirmities of genius have been the plea in the case of Goldsmith, Burns, Byron, *et omne id genus*. At that period the side-board was a piece of furniture in Virginia not yet abolished. Stoddard tells us that drinking was all too common in New England in his boyhood. Some students who perhaps afterward made doctors of divinity and good bishops yielded

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to the fascination of cards. Of course all that has passed away in universities, and the Poe of seventy years ago is judged by present standards. One point is certain : he thought even gambling debts should be paid, but therein is shown the difference between an adopted and a real son. Had Poe been the son of the rich merchant, the debts would have been paid, and the fact of their making would not have been bruited over the world. The result was that the boy who had been petted and spoiled as the heir of a rich man became an outcast and a wanderer without knowledge of business or means of support.

Much has been said against Poe to justify the procedure of Mr. Allan in all matters relating to him in subsequent time. During the academic days in Richmond, and during his student career at the university, the youth had shown his proclivities for writing verse. A

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strange, romantic spirit had revealed itself even then. The mother of one of his young friends had spoken kindly to the orphan boy, and had thus so won upon his susceptible heart that, when she died not long after, her grief-stricken admirer would spend hours at her grave on the most dismal of nights. We see thus early something of the bent of mind which produced creations of spiritual darkness and terror.

From Richmond Poe proceeded at once to Boston, and brought out a small volume of poems which would have been forgotten but for his subsequent career. Shortly after this event, which occurred in 1827, he disappeared, and his whereabouts was long a mystery. Poe himself threw an air of mystery over the affair. Mr. Woodberry finds that, moved perhaps by his inability to secure bread otherwise, he enlisted in the United States army May 26,

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1827, and prompted, no doubt, by deeply wounded pride, he gave his name as Edward A. Perry. A fine report is given of his sobriety and attention to duty while in the army. So faithful was he that he was made sergeant-major in January, 1829. The officers of his acquaintance were solicitous that he should have the advantage of a course at West Point, as that is the only door to promotion in time of peace. Mrs. Allan died about that time, and Mr. Allan, having learned of the situation of his former charge, in the hour of his grief invited Edgar, who was then at Fortress Monroe, to visit his home on furlough. Mr. Allan and his friends set about procuring the young soldier's discharge and admission to West Point. The discharge was procured April 15, 1829, and he entered West Point July 1, 1830. Not long after it was evident no more could be expected from his former patron, who took unto

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himself a young wife. Perry, the soldier, might drill and earn promotion; but Poe, the poet, found military affairs not to his taste. He sought release, but could not procure it without the consent of Mr. Allan, who was registered as his guardian. This was refused, although Poe was now over twenty-one years of age—in fact, no doubt with Mr. Allan's connivance, his age had been put back to effect his entrance into the military institute. No recourse was left except to decline such duties as would make it necessary for the authorities to dismiss the refractory cadet. This course he pursued in January, 1831, mainly between the 7th and 27th. He was dismissed, to take effect on the 6th of March. There must have been no feeling against him, as the cadets were allowed to subscribe for the volume of his poems which he proposed to issue. They had expected numerous squibs of a

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local nature to be included, but Poe could not trifle with his art.

The poems issued in New York in 1831 were not of the kind to be appreciated by a cadet of that date, nor did they token the finished musical lyrics to emanate later from the same pen. Yet a judge might have seen glimmerings of the fires of inspiration hereafter to burn. Besides, one of his finest poems, "To Helen," was included in this thin volume. Moreover, what appeared to be a new theory of poetry was put forth in a rambling introduction. This theory was thereafter more fully elaborated but never changed. This laid the foundation of a lecture entitled "The Poetic Principle," which may be expressed in brief as follows: "Poetry is rhythmical creation of beauty. The pleasure derived from the contemplation of beauty is the object to be attained in every poem. This manifestation of beauty is to be found in

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‘an elevating excitement of the soul.’ As truth appeals to reason, poetry appeals to ‘the human aspiration for supernal beauty.’ Poetry is opposed to vice on account of its deformity, its hideousness, its disproportion. Poetry is designed not to teach a lesson except incidentally, which is often more effective than direct didacticism, but to raise a pleasurable emotion. As any such emotion can only be short-lived, no poem can be long, and the long poems which have become a permanent part of literature are really a succession of short poems woven together.” Poe’s theory has been much derided, but with some modifications would hardly be rejected now. Sidney Lanier did not differ widely in his “Beauty Is Holiness, and Holiness Is Beauty.” The principle of poetry thus propounded by a mere youth has won a place among the laws of literature. The poet did not always follow his own

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principle, since he seems often to have sought to produce a picture of ruin, terror, or despair, rather than an emotion derived from a contemplation of beauty.

Where Poe spent the two years after the publication of his poems has never been ascertained. Hawthorne is said to have spent twelve lonely years in learning to gage and direct his powers, but where Poe learned that lesson we may never know, as some of his best tales were among his earliest. The next we know of him he is in Baltimore, as we have seen, with six finished tales, and perhaps others in embryo, while little more than two years have elapsed since he left West Point. During that time he has been without literary friends or associates. Usually those who have written have been more or less in an atmosphere of letters. With him we know this could not have been true.

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Passing over the prize story and his appointment as editor at Richmond, it is sufficient to say that his salary was \$520 per year, and that he found the *Southern Literary Messenger* with five hundred subscribers, and in a few months brought the list up to five thousand. During this time he was married to his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a beautiful girl of only fourteen or fifteen years of age. Like his father's, it was a love-match.

Poe was the first to lift literary criticism out of the sugar-plum surroundings which encumbered it in America. The coterie of the best New England writers were said to be "insured in the mutual." If one wrote a poem, essay, or tale, the others praised. These were secure in their fame, at least temporarily; but Poe never loved Boston, nor did Boston love Poe. Some of his lack of recognition in his lifetime was caused thereby, yet

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there were many lesser lights scattered throughout the domain of the Union whose friends had praised until any pretense at writing stood for good literature as heralded by a ready chorus. Poe seized a keen rapier and began the work of puncturing these pretenders. So little was known of the province of true criticism that these reviews were often resented as personal attacks; but this new Daniel come to judgment loved a wholesome row, hence the work of flaying went bravely forward. It has been claimed that adverse criticism never freed the fields of literature of any meretricious weeds, but at least the labeling of the fruit-bearing plant enables men to recognize and shun the weed. Healthy criticism enlightens public sentiment, and makes possible a vigorous and healthy literature. Poe did much in his editorial capacity at Richmond, Philadelphia, and New York to prepare the soil for the bet-

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ter recent growth. Not that he was always free from personal bias ; not that all the women writers, particularly poets, whom he praised were really inspired, but he had principles upon which he felt just criticism must be based, and he did not hesitate to apply these principles to the work of friend or foe. Nothing like this had been known in America before. Poe was the true pioneer in literary criticism on this side of the water.

The connection of Poe with the *Southern Literary Messenger* closed in January, 1837. The cause has never been fully explained. At a later period he wrote for the *Messenger*, and Mr. White seems to have continued to be his friend. A letter written by Mr. White to Poe at an earlier time evidently refers to the fact that his editor had indulged in drink with certain Richmond companions, and he is advised to choose other friends, but this was

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evidently previous to Poe's marriage. Not a word against him did Mr. White ever utter or write. Rev. Francis L. Hawks, of North Carolina, had established the *New York Review* and is said to have invited Poe to become its editor. New York even then must have appeared to the rising young writer a better field than Richmond, yet the *Review* had closed its inauspicious career before his arrival.

During the respite from editorial work Poe wrote "Arthur Gordon Pym," which was published by the Harpers in 1838.

In addition to this, the text-book on "Conchology" was published the next year. This has been the subject of much animadversion, but seems to have differed little in its preparation from many of the text-books of to-day, though it must be confessed few of these are prepared by men of literary ability. During this time he contributed to a few

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periodicals, but doubtless the family support was mainly procured by Mrs. Clemm's boarding-house. Through some of her boarders we get a very favorable view of the habits and life of Poe at this period.

Burton, who had been an actor and was something of an adventurer, was the proprietor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine and American Monthly Review*. Of this much-named periodical Poe became assistant editor in July, 1839, and left in June, 1840, after a quarrel with Burton, which to those knowing both men must have appeared inevitable.

Lee & Blanchard published in 1840 Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" in two volumes. These volumes contained fourteen tales, among others, "Morella," "William Wilson," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "MS. Found in a Bottle," "Ligeia," and "Hans Pfaall." In these weirdly

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original stories which are of neither land or sea, nor hardly of anything hitherto seen or dreamed by mortals, the genius of the writer is at its best. He moved easily in the dim border-land between the material and the unreal. The rivers, the hills, and the houses of Ghostland were as real to him as those around Philadelphia, where he now lived. His characters were either human with unusual and unheard-of experiences, or phantoms from across the borders of the unseen. These stories were told with a directness of speech and polish of language not often equaled. There is a spell and fascination in the narrative which holds the breathless reader for page after page. At a time when Hawthorne was unread, when Bryant found it necessary to smother his Muse with editorial duties, the sale of these tales was small. To-day, the same ability would make an author's fortune.

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Poe became editor of *Graham's Magazine* in January, 1841. Mr. Graham seems to have been a true gentleman and to have appreciated the talents of his editor. Not only that, but none labored harder to free from aspersions the name of this unfortunate genius, after his death. The magazine prospered under this management. There were eight thousand subscribers in January, 1841; in July, seventeen thousand; in December, twenty-five thousand; and in March, 1842, forty thousand. During the spring Poe returned after a brief absence, and found Rufus Griswold occupying his chair. The arrangement was to have been temporary, but the sensitive nature of Poe was wounded and he never again occupied the editorial chair of the magazine, though he afterward wrote for it and assisted in its make-up. In Griswold he had met his evil fate. For a time they were friends, but when Poe criticized

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Griswold's compilations as he usually criticized poor work that reverend gentleman became his enemy with a hate which has covered his own name with odium. Poe had ever hoped to start a magazine of his own, hence he readily broke with those whose publications he had helped to render successful; besides, at the best his salary was never large enough to drive the wolf far from his door. Some of his best tales were published in *Graham*; but the work which brought him most into notice was his pungent, but, for the most part, highly intellectual reviews of the literary efforts of the time. Even in Poe's day it took money to float a monthly, and, though this remained the dream of his life, he found himself unable to proceed, even after the repeated publication of a prospectus.

From various sources we get from time to time agreeable views of

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Poe's home life. Of this period of his life at Philadelphia, Woodberry says: "Whatever practical difficulties it was his lot to encounter, no shadow had crossed the threshold of the little cottage where he lived with his wife and her mother in a close privacy of watchful love and domestic happiness. Mrs. Clemm, a vigorous woman of about fifty years who is said to have had the face, size, and figure of a man, was the head of the household, received and expended Poe's wages, and kept things in order. The few acquaintances who called on the family sometimes wondered, as did Mayne Reid, how this masculine matron should have been the mother of the fragile girl, still under twenty-one, whose feminine beauty and charm was of so delicate an order that she seems nearly as sylphlike as one of Poe's imaginary creations." "She hardly looked more than fourteen," writes Mr. A. B. Harris, who

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knew her at this time, "fair, soft, graceful, and girlish. Every one who saw her was won by her. Poe was very proud and very fond of her, and used to delight in the round, childlike face, and plump little finger (sic. Q. figure?), which he contrasted with himself, so thin and half-melancholy looking, and she in turn idolized him. She had a voice of wonderful sweetness, and was an exquisite singer, and in some of their more prosperous days, when they were living in a pretty little rose-covered cottage on the outskirts of Philadelphia, she had her harp and piano. The third member of this strangely consorted group, Poe himself, was the same reserved, isolated, dreamy man of high-strung nerves, proud spirit, and fantastic moods that he had been in youth. With senses excessively acute and a mind easily accessible to motives of dread, if he was not the monomaniac of fear he knew in Roderick Usher,

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he was always haunted by suggestions of evil to come; nor was he quite free from the vague apprehension that belongs to children's minds. He did not like to go out in the dark, and, with such jocularly as he was capable of, said that he believed evil demons had power then. In his home alone he found happiness, affection, and a refuge from contact with the world."

Another disaster was soon to follow. Mrs. Poe, while singing one evening, ruptured a blood-vessel, and life was despaired of at first, then hope revived, only to increase the pangs of disappointment as she grew weaker. The alternating between hope and despair drove Poe to frenzy—to frequent returns of the drink habit. He was unable to write, and his wife was in need of comforts which he was unable to provide. An appeal to literary friends was made, which his sensitive nature resented. When she appeared bet-

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ter, hope revived, and, perhaps in search of a larger field, he went to New York, whither his literary reputation had preceded him. This change of residence was made in 1844.

His means of support during these several months of transition had been meager. *The Dollar Newspaper* had offered a prize of one hundred dollars for a story. Poe won this with "The Gold Bug." Many of his stories remained in the hands of editors unpublished.

N. P. Willis was the proprietor of a daily paper, the *Evening Mirror*. During the latter part of the year we find Poe at work upon this paper. Willis greatly approved of his work and conduct, nor did any one write of Poe after his death in a more appreciative way than Willis.

Something happened now which brought all his delayed articles and tales out of editor's pigeonholes. "The Raven" was published in the

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Evening Mirror January 29, 1845. The poem had been published from advanced sheets of the *American Whig Review*, in which it appeared in February. No poem ever met with more immediate favor. All over the land there was a snipping of editorial shears. "The Raven" was the bird of the hour, and the author found himself famous. He was the lion of the season. A lecture in New York followed. His rapidly failing wife and himself began to meet many of the literary people, some of whom, like Mrs. Osgood, became life friends. But "The Raven" brought him very little money, and the *Evening Mirror* continued for a time to claim his attention.

In the brief space allotted to this sketch, only a mere outline of his further movements can be given. March 8, 1845, he became joint editor of the *Broadway Journal*. Later he became sole editor, and in

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November, proprietor. The *Journal* soon attracts attention, but the proprietor is in debt and the *Journal* suspends. In the meantime "The Raven, and Other Poems" is published in New York and London. "The Literati of New York," begun in *Godey's Lady's Book* in 1846, made the author many enemies, largely because the truth may prove disagreeable.

The cottage at Fordham became the home of the Poes in the summer of 1846. This was some distance out of New York then, but is in the city now. Here Mrs. Poe died, January 30, 1847. A time of sickness and desolation followed, but Mrs. Clemm clung to him and took care of him as best she was able. Though he seems to have been engaged to marry Mrs. Whitman, a New England poet, and possibly at a later period Mrs. Shelton, of Richmond, after the death of his wife, yet he never really recov-

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ered from that blow. "Eureka," a prose poem, was published in 1848. This was an effort to expound his theory of the universe.

He lectured in various places, and departed for the South June 30, 1849. The summer and autumn were spent in Richmond, where he at first had a lapse to his old habit. He was warned by his physicians against its repetition, as his constitution was greatly impaired. During the protracted decline of his wife, if not before, he had acquired the use of opium. These habits, with want and anxiety, had well-nigh wrecked him. During the stay in Richmond hope seemed to rebloom. One of the most graceful sketches of him by any pen is that given by Mrs. Susan Archer Talley Weiss. Of his appearance and conversation at that time, she says: "As I entered the parlor, Poe was seated near an open window quietly conversing. His attitude was easy and graceful, with

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one arm lightly resting upon the back of his chair. His dark, curling hair was thrown back from his broad forehead—a style in which he habitually wore it. At sight of him, the impression produced upon me was of a refined, high-bred, chivalrous gentleman. I use this word ‘chivalrous’ as exactly descriptive of something in his whole personnel, distinct from either polish or high breeding, and which, though instantly apparent, was yet an effect too subtle to be described. He rose on my entrance, and, other visitors being present, stood with one hand resting on the back of his chair, awaiting my greeting. So dignified was his manner, so reserved his expression, that I experienced an involuntary recoil, until I turned to him and saw his eyes suddenly brighten as I offered my hand; a barrier seemed to melt between us, and I felt that we were no longer strangers. . . . And as himself

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—that is, as he appeared to me in my home and in society—Poe was preeminently a gentleman. This was apparent in everything about him, even to the least detail. He dressed always in black, and with faultless taste and simplicity. An indescribable refinement pervaded all that he did and said. His general bearing in society, especially toward strangers, was quiet, dignified, and somewhat reserved, even at times unconsciously approaching hauteur. He rarely smiled, and never laughed. When pleased, nothing could exceed the charm of his manner—to his own sex cordial, to ladies marked by a sort of chivalrous, respectful courtesy. I was surprised to find that the poet was not the melancholy person I had unconsciously pictured. On the contrary, he appeared, except on one occasion, invariably cheerful, and frequently playful in mood. He seemed quietly amused by the light-hearted chat of the

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young people about him, and often joined them in humorous repartee, sometimes tinged with a playful sarcasm. Yet he preferred to sit quietly and listen and observe. Nothing escaped his keen observation."

Here, as usual, accounts differ as to Poe's intentions. One is that he meant to return North with renewed purpose to found the *Stylus*, his talked-of magazine. The other is that he arranged to make Richmond his future home, and started on his return North to make arrangements to that effect. In a hospital in Baltimore he died, October 7, 1849. He had been brought to the hospital in an insensible state, and the full particulars of his stay in that city will perhaps never be known. Sad was his fate, no matter what may have brought him to the end.

Edgar Allan Poe was truly a man of letters. No other pursuit ever engaged his serious attention. There

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is something knightly in his struggle for success in authorship at a time when few Americans had the temerity for such a Jasonlike venture.

As a critic Poe often saw with almost prophetic eye. While their place was hardly yet secure, he praised Mrs. Browning, Lowell, and Hawthorne. Tennyson he early ranked among the truly noble poets. While he charged Longfellow with plagiarism, he nevertheless placed him first of American poets.

Of his poetry, Edmond Gosse says: "Poe has proved himself to be the 'Piper of Hamelin' to all later English poets. From Tennyson to Austin Dobson, there is hardly one whose verse-music does not show traces of Poe's influence." A thin volume would comprise all his poems, but these have an excellency of finish seldom attained. Poetry he declares to have been with him a passion and not a pur-

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pose. Yet he polished and rewrote as few poets have had the persistency to do. He was a melodist of the highest order, and married his thought to the richest word-music. "The Bells," written after "The Raven," must be placed at the head of all successful efforts to produce musical effects by means of a few words of similar sound. Since he sought to produce a sudden elevation of mind, a pleasurable sensation of beauty, his poems could not be long, according to his theory. Nor did he in a single instance depart from the poetic principles laid down in youth. He has been regarded as the poet of a single mood. That mood is one of sadness, ruin, despair. The theme upon which he made many variations both in prose and verse is the death of a beautiful woman. Sometimes he couples with this, as in "The Raven," unending despair; as in "The Fall of the House of Usher," ruin physical and

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mental. He does not deal with people so much as with gnomes, ghouls, dreams, demons, angels. The range is narrow, but words of haunting melody place the senses under a spell until we seem to roam with him his weird, enchanted realms. Stedman says: "Poe's melodies lure us to the point where we seem to hear angelic lutes and citherns, or elfin instruments that make music in 'the land east of the sun and west of the moon.' The enchantment may not be that of Israfil, nor of the harper who exorcised the evil genius of Saul, but it is at least that of some plumed being of the middle air, of a charmer charming so sweetly that his numbers are the burden of mystic dreams." To most persons Poe is a poet of two poems, "The Raven" and "The Bells." "Ulalune" perhaps ranks next to these two, though "The Conqueror Worm" and "The Haunted Palace" are almost flawless as works of art. "The

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Sleeper," "The Valley of Unrest," "The City in the Sea," "To One in Paradise," are among the poems which can not perish. The beautiful lyric "Israfel" is the one which has no touch of ruin. Like "The Bells," "Annabel Lee" was written after the death of his wife, and has been supposed to enshrine his passionate sorrow for the one above all others to whom his soul was truly joined. Poe wrote slowly—that is, he wrote and rewrote the same poem or tale until it grew into a masterpiece under the touch of the magician's hand. "The Raven" has been a subject of much discussion. The question at issue is whether the poem was the outburst of despair, as he wrote it while his wife was slowly sinking and he was unable either to provide for her necessities or to break away from his tormenting appetite for drink, or did he deliberately set himself to the task of working out a particular

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effect? The latter was the case according to his own testimony, though the impending ruin of his life and hopes made the sought-for effect easier of attainment.

Many of Poe's tales were really poems in prose. This is true of "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," "Morella," and "William Wilson." The beauty-touches of a gifted poet are upon these and many others of his tales. When we read them we are entranced by their mystic spell and held in thrall by the genius of their creator. We are lifted into an enchanted atmosphere, and think not of the weaknesses of the artist, but of the nobility of his gifts. Poe is said to have originated the detective story in such tales as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter." "Arthur Gordon Pym" tells his adventures with that Defoelike attention to details which gives a verisimili-

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tude to all of Poe's stories. "The Descent into the Maelstrom," "The Black Cat," and some others run the gamut of all the possibilities of terror and horror. "Eureka," the last written, is called a prose poem, but of all his productions contains the least poetry.

Hawthorne and Poe stand at the head of American literature in the line of creative ability. The chosen field of both was romance. Hawthorne, as said, had a large sense of humor, in which Poe was somewhat deficient. Hawthorne, though a recluse by nature, had finer touches of human sympathy. Poe had more of that imagination which bodies forth shapes unknown from airy nothingness and clothes them with rarest beauty. In structure of work, in painting with the rich colors of the South, Poe has never been excelled. When we would classify him, we may mention Coleridge and others as similar

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at a few points, but the author of "The Raven" and "The Fall of the House of Usher" stands alone. His works are unique and original.

As to his personality, his doom was ever upon him. Perhaps with an inherited taint of intemperance inflamed by indulgence in early childhood, escape was well-nigh impossible. He deplored his misfortunes, and ever sought to break the chain. He was not a habitual drunkard, but prevailed against himself for long periods. Lack of will was his ruin. A single glass of wine threw him into a frenzy, and at times he seemed unable to resist that glass. Like most men of similar habits, he often deceived himself, hence sometimes failed in his promises and deceived his friends. A delicate child of poetry toiling in a rude, coarse, unpoetic age, for a small pittance; a painstaking writer, whose literary conscience would not allow him to slight even his edito-

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rial works, dying with his work incomplete, he produced only about forty poems and sixty tales. Intemperance did not in his case carry with it the usual train of evils, hence he was not a man of immoral habits. Those who knew him best praised him most, though the preponderance of evidence is that he was always unduly restless, often selfish and forgetful of the feelings of others. That he was at times too sensitive to be helped even by friends seems certain. His imperfect and unfortunate life does not so much concern his art, since his life and his art were distinct entities. No unchaste expression or intimation mars any of his writings. He burned incense upon the altar of beauty.

The question has been raised as to whether Poe was truly a Southerner. His family on his father's side was Southern. His boyhood was largely spent in the South. His

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first poetic impulse, so far as we know, came upon him under a Southern sun. His wife was a beautiful, dark-eyed Southern girl. Stedman, who has written of his works with rare discrimination, ascribes him to that section. Brander Matthews says: "He was a Southerner both by temperament and descent." Finally, Poe always claimed the South as his home, and was in the heartiest sympathy with such of his countrymen as essayed the field of letters.

However, his work was for all times and climes. He truly said:

I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild, weird clime that lieth,
sublime,
Out of Space—out of Time.

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TROY was not the only city destroyed in war in ancient times, but Troy alone found a Homer. Many heroic struggles for freedom have never been enshrined in song. Yet the hour and the man with the opportune word have met a few times in the world's history. Thus descended the afflatus upon Rouget de Lisle, a French engineer, when at the hour of gray dawn the Marseillaise hymn was struck out in the white heat of the French revolution. A patriotic son of the South, Francis Scott Key, wrote the "Star - Spangled Banner" while the British vessel on which he was forcibly detained joined in the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort McHenry with the hope of reaching Baltimore.

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"Yankee Doodle" was an English melody in vogue before the Revolution, but adopted by the Americans during that conflict. One patriotic poem, "Columbia," written by Timothy Dwight, chaplain in the army, survived the period, but was practically superseded by "Hail Columbia," written by Joseph Hopkinson during the threatened war with France. Later poets have rendered immortal certain incidents of the American Revolution. The exploits of the Frigate "Constitution" in the second war with England furnished inspiration for "Old Ironsides," written by Holmes many years afterward. The Mexican war gave at least one permanent contribution to literature in the "Bivouac of the Dead," written by Col. Theodore O'Hara on the occasion of the erection of a monument to the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista. This poem had the strange destiny of furnishing

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the lines placed over the gateway of the National Cemetery at Arlington, though no doubt these were carved while their author was in the Confederate army. When the country awoke to the fact in 1861 that war existed, armed men sprang up as if dragon's teeth had been sown, and with them came an army of singers. In the corners of newspapers many names unheard of before found a place, and not all their verses were poor. That the Southern people loved their section and believed in the righteousness of their cause is proved by what they endured and dared for four terrible years.

No better portrayal of the deep emotions which surged through the hearts of the people in that fated first year can be given than by quoting "Tiger Lilies," a novel published in 1867 by Sidney Lanier, himself a Southern soldier. Lanier says: "An afflatus of war was

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breathed upon us. Like a great wind, it drew on and blew upon men, women, and children. Its sound mingled with the solemnity of the church organs and arose with the earnest words of preacher praying for guidance in the matter. It sighed in the half-breathed words of sweethearts conditioning impatient lovers with war services. It thundered splendidly in the impassioned appeals of orators to the people. It whistled through the streets, it stole into the firesides, it clinked glasses in bar-rooms, it lifted the gray hairs of our wise men in conventions, it thrilled through the lectures in college-halls, it rustled the thumbled book-leaves of the schoolrooms. This wind blew upon all the vanes of all the churches of the country, and turned them one way — toward war. It blew, and shook out, as if by magic, a flag whose device was unknown to soldier or sailor before, but whose ev-

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ery flap and flutter made the blood bound in our veins."

Several anthologies of Southern war poetry have been made. Naturally much of the verse in these is very poor, but gems do abound, and these are not so infrequent as many suppose. Nor do the Southern songs appear at a disadvantage when placed side by side with the efforts of the best-known poets of the North, as has been done by George Cary Eggleston in "American War Ballads and Lyrics," and by F. F. Browne in "Bugle Echoes." No doubt the best, as it was among the first noteworthy songs to emanate from Southern pens, was "My Maryland." In Mr. Browne's "Bugle Echoes" is found the history of the poem as given by the author. Mr. Browne says: "From his editorial desk in Augusta, Ga., he [Randall] had sent a corrected version of 'My Maryland' with these interesting partic-

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ulars of its history: 'In 1860-61 he who pens these lines was, though very young, a professor at Poydras College, upon the Fausse Riviere, of Louisiana. There, a stripling, just from college in Maryland, full of poetry and romance, he dreamed dreams, and was only awakened by the guns of Sumter. At an old wooden desk, in a second-story room of Poydras College, one sleepless April night in 1861, the poem of "My Maryland" was written. . . . And now the desk is ashes, and the building too.' The poem first appeared in the New Orleans *Delta*." As this part of the series is to be largely given to a reproduction of the songs of the war poets, "My Maryland" is given entire.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore

War Poets of the South.

That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

War Poets of the South.

Come! for thy shield is bright and
strong,

Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee
wrong,

Maryland!

Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

War Poets of the South.

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzzah! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—She burns! She'll come!
She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

JAMES RYDER RANDALL was born in Baltimore January 1, 1839. He comes of an old Maryland stock. From his tenth to his seventeenth year he studied at Georgetown (D. C.) College and received an excellent classical education, but failed to remain until graduation on account of poor health. For a time he was connected with the

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press in New Orleans, Augusta, and finally Baltimore. "There's Life in the Old Land Yet" was written in 1862 or 1863, and is scarcely inferior to "My Maryland." Mr. Randall has been chiefly an editorial writer, and has never devoted himself very extensively to literature.

Among the first to join the chorus of singers on fire with patriotic fervor was HENRY TIMROD, of Charleston, S. C. "A Cry to Arms," with its trumpetlike lines, is stronger than Bryant's "Call to Arms."

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain-side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the chafing tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade;
Let desk and case and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade.

The despot roves your fairest lands;
And till he flies or fears,

War Poets of the South.

Your fields must grow but armed bands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears!
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain;
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain!

.
Does any falter? Let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh! could you like your women feel,
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch.

What hope, O God! would not grow
warm
When thoughts like these give cheer?
The lily calmly braves the storm,
And shall the palm-tree fear?
No! rather let its branches court
The rack that sweeps the plain;
And from the lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the strain!

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain-side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales!

War Poets of the South.

Come! flocking gaily to the fight,
From forest, hill, and lake;
We battle for our country's right,
And for the lily's sake!

"My Maryland" came at the opportune time, and was shouted and sung from the Gulf to the northern limits of Maryland. Timrod's "Carolina" was barely inferior, but did not reach beyond the place of its origin. A part is given :

I.

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
O who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle-hymn,
Carolina!

.

III.

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,

War Poets of the South.

And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV.

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless
caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

Perhaps Timrod's "Ethnogenesis" was the earliest as it was the most ambitious Southern effort, since it was written during the sit-

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ting of the first Confederate Congress, at Montgomery, in February, 1861. Ticknor's "Virginians of the Valley" came after fighting had begun. This, together with "Little Giffin" and "Loyal," is given elsewhere in this series.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, of Virginia, was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* for nearly ten years, and was the author of numerous poems which have never been collected. Many of these were devoted to war subjects. "Coercion" expressed what most Southern and many Northern people felt just previous to the commencement of hostilities. Enough is given to show the spirit :

Who talks of coercion? Who dares to
deny

A resolute people the right to be free?
Let him blot out forever one star from
the sky,

Or curb with his fetter the wave of the
sea!

War Poets of the South.

Who prates of coercion? Can love be
restored

To bosoms where only resentment
may dwell?

Can peace upon earth be proclaimed by
the sword,

Or good-will among men be estab-
lished by shell?

Shame! shame! that the statesman, and
trickster, forsooth,

Should have for a crisis no other re-
course,

Beneath the fair dayspring of light and
of truth,

Than the old *brutum fulmen* of tyranny
—force.

Could you conquer us, men of the North
—could you bring

Desolation and death on our homes
as a flood—

Can you hope the pure lily, affection,
will spring

From ashes all reeking and sodden
with blood?

Could you brand us as villains and serfs,
know ye not

What fierce, sullen hatred lurks under
the scar?

War Poets of the South.

How loyal to Hapsburg is Venice, I
wot!

How dearly the Pole loves his father,
the czar!

But 'twere well to remember this land
of the sun

Is a *nutrix leonum*, and suckles a race
Strong-armed, lion-hearted, and banded
as one,

Who brook not oppression and know
not disgrace.

And well may the schemers in office be-
ware

The swift retribution that waits upon
crime,

When the lion, Resistance, shall leap
from his lair,

With a fury that renders his venge-
ance sublime.

Once, men of the North, we were broth-
ers, and still,

Though brothers no more, we would
gladly be friends,

Nor join in a conflict accursed, that
must fill

With ruin the country on which it de-
scends.

War Poets of the South.

But, if smitten with blindness, and mad
with the rage
The gods gave to all whom they
wished to destroy,
You would act a new Iliad, to darken
the age
With horrors beyond what is told us
of Troy—

If, deaf as the adder itself to the cries,
When wisdom, humanity, justice im-
plore,
You would have our proud eagle to feed
on the eyes
Of those who have taught him so
grandly to soar—

.
To the breeze then your banner dishon-
ored unfold,
And, at once, let the tocsin be sounded
afar;
We greet you, as greeted the Swiss,
Charles the Bold—
With a farewell to peace and a wel-
come to war!

For the courage that clings to our soil,
ever bright,
Shall catch inspiration from turf and
from tide;

War Poets of the South.

Our sons unappalled shall go forth to
the fight,
With the smile of the fair, the pure
kiss of the bride;

And the bugle its echoes shall send
through the past,
In the trenches of Yorktown to waken
the slain;
While the sod of King's Mountain shall
heave at the blast,
And give up its heroes to glory again.

Many of the songs and tunes which Southerners have adopted, such as "Suwanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home," were written by STEPHEN C. FOSTER, a Northern man. "Dixie" took the form in which it became popular at the hands of DAN EMMETT, of Ohio. His parents were from the South, though he has always lived in the North. Mr. Emmett says that "Dixie" was made in New York City one rainy Sunday in 1859.

The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was composed by HARRY MACARTHY,

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one of the few actors left in the South during the war. He was an Irishman, and enlisted in the Confederate army from Arkansas. After a time he was granted a discharge, and continued his career as actor at Richmond and other points. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was first sung in a theater in New Orleans in 1861. He wrote other war verse, but none so popular as the song which rang alike through camps and homes. The author of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" died in California in extreme poverty a year or two ago.

We are a band of brothers, and native
to the soil,
Fighting for the property we gained by
honest toil,
And when our rights were threatened,
the cry rose near and far:
Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that
bears a single star!
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bonnie Blue
Flag that bears a single star.

War Poets of the South.

As long as the Union was faithful to her
trust,
Like friends and like brothers, kind were
we and just;
But now, when Northern treachery at-
tempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.

First, gallant South Carolina nobly
made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by
the hand;
Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia, and
Florida—
All raised the flag, the bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.

Ye men of valor, gather round the ban-
ner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the
fight.
Davis, our loved President, and Ste-
phens statesmen are;
Now rally round the bonnie Blue Flag,
that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old
Dominion state
With the young Confederacy at length
has linked her fate.

War Poets of the South.

Impelled by her example, now other
states prepare
To hoist on high the bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy; strong
we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our her-
itage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die
we would prefer;
So cheer for the bonnie Blue Flag that
bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joy-
ous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now
have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Ten-
nessee be given,
The single star of the bonnie Blue Flag
has grown to be eleven!

Many changes were rung on
"Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue
Flag." For quiet dignity none of
the variations of "Dixie" excelled
the poem written by Gen. ALBERT
PIKE, of Arkansas, a man of North-
ern birth who ardently espoused the

War Poets of the South.

Southern cause. This is typical in hope and defiance of hundreds published in the first months of the war.

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!

Chorus.—For Dixie's land we take our
stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie.
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie.

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance,
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

War Poets of the South.

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices!
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these hea-
gles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder.

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed

Halt not till our federation
Secures among earth's powers its sta-
tion!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness;
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

Chorus.—For Dixie's land we take our
stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! to arms!

War Poets of the South.

And conquer peace for Dixie.
To arms! to arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie.

Sung to the air of "Bonnie Blue Flag," the Homespun Dress" was in no sense an exaggeration of the state of feeling existing among the women of the South. They practised self-denial as never before, and gloried in their privations. Women who knew not the hardship of toil went to work cheerfully in behalf of fathers, brothers, husbands, or lovers in the field. MISS CARRIE BELL SINCLAIR, of Augusta, Ga., was the author of "The Homespun Dress," which was sung far and wide in war-times.

Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame.
We envy not the Northern girl
Her robes of beauty rare,
Though diamonds grace her snowy
neck,
And pearls bedeck her hair.

War Poets of the South.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah!

For the sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the homespun dress
The Southern ladies wear!

The homespun dress is plain, I know;
My hat's palmetto, too;
But then it shows what Southern girls
For Southern rights will do.
We send the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we will lend a helping hand—
We love the South, you know.

Now Northern goods are out of date;
And since old Abe's blockade,
We Southern girls can be content
With goods that's Southern made.
We send our sweethearts to the war;
But, dear girls, never mind—
Your soldier-love will ne'er forget
The girl he left behind.

The soldier is the lad for me—
A brave heart I adore;
And when the sunny South is free,
And when fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out that gallant band.
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.

War Poets of the South.

The Southern land's a glorious land,
And has a glorious cause;
Then cheer, three cheers for Southern
rights,
And for the Southern boys!
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of Northern lace,
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with a grace.

And now, young man, a word to you:
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears are all for those
Who fill a soldier's grave.

No attempt can be made at quoting or even mentioning poems descriptive of battles. Their name is legion. None of them rose to the dignity of real battle lyrics. A few were not without merit. "Our Left at Manassas," by Ticknor, and "On to Richmond," a burlesque description of the same battle by John R. Thompson, are among the best,

War Poets of the South.

though not superior to some others. After the first effervescence had passed away, and war had become a serious, deadly business, requiems for the dead began to multiply. These were often written by a fellow soldier, for many of these who wrote best fought best. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, was among the first notable men to fall. His death found an elegist in CAPT. HARRY FLASH, of Alabama.

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet
of God,

And his wounds to tell the story:
And the blood that flowed from his hero
heart,

On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and
blessed,

And, for his soul's sustaining,
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ—
And nothing on earth remaining,

What Poets of the South.

But a handful of dust in the land of his
choice,
A name in song and story,
And Fame to shout with her brazen
voice:
"Died on the field of glory!"

An incident but too common in
both armies is celebrated in the ex-
quisite lines by MISS MARIE LA-
COSTE, of Savannah, Ga.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one
day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so
brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the
grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's
grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young
brow,

War Poets of the South.

Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined
face
Brush every wandering, silken thread,
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for *somebody's* sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you
know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's
love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him
there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of
prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and
grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

War Poets of the South.

Somebody's watching and waiting for
him,

Yearning to hold him again to her
heart.

There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

A poem characteristic of the times was entitled "Stonewall Jackson's Way." The lines were said to have been found, stained with blood, in the breast of a dead soldier of the old Stonewall Brigade, after one of Jackson's battles. At a later day the authorship has been ascribed to DR. J. W. PALMER, of Maryland.

Come, stack arms, men! pile on the
rails;

Stir up the camp-fire bright;

No matter if the canteen fails,

We'll make a roaring night.

Here Shenandoah brawls along,

Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,

War Poets of the South.

To swell the brigade's rousing song,
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd dry smile—the speech so
pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows 'em
well.
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of
shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—"
well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps
off!
Old "Blue Light's" going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy
rod!
Amen!" That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now: Fall in!
Steady! The whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.

War Poets of the South.

What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before
dawn!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way!

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the
lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before:
"Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall
roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's way!"

Ah, maiden! wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah, widow! read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

The verse in memory of the dead
thrilled with love of glory in the
early days of the contest. Each
dirge was in a measure a call to the

War Poets of the South.

living—to emulate as well as honor the deeds of dead heroes. “Ashby,” by John R. Thompson, is a case in point. (Gen. Turner Ashby, a noted Confederate cavalry officer, fell in an engagement at Harrisburg, Va., in June, 1862.)

To the brave all homage render.

Weep, ye skies of June!

With a radiance pure and tender,

Shine, O saddened moon!

“Dead upon the field of glory!”

Hero fit for song and story—

Lies our bold dragoon!

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,

Braver, knightlier foe

Never fought 'gainst Moor or Paynim—

Rode at Templestowe:

With a mien how high and joyous,

'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us

Went he forth, we know.

Nevermore, alas! shall saber

Gleam around his crest;

Fought his fight, fulfilled his labor,

Stilled his manly breast;

All unheard sweet nature's cadence,

War Poets of the South.

Trump of fame and voice of maidens;
Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hast bound him,
Gently wrap his clay!
Linger lovingly around him,
Light of dying day!
Softly fall, ye summer showers;
Birds and bees among the flowers,
Make the gloom seem gay!

Then throughout the coming ages,
When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages,
Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
Keep above his dust!

COL. W. S. HAWKINS (the nephew of Gen. A. P. Stewart), of Tennessee, wrote a number of poems while in the Northern prison, from which the close of the war released him only to come home and die. "A Prison Scene" gives but one of many pathetic incidents of the war.

Last night a comrade sent in haste
For me to soothe his fearful pain;

War Poets of the South.

He felt Death's power advancing fast,
He knew that hope was vain.
God's promises I read again,
Till Faith's sweet light shone from
his eye;
Sole gleam—for sorrow filled me then,
As shadows fill the sky.

A dreary place that hospital—
Where dim lamps break the solemn
gloom,
And nurses move with slow footfall,
Like specters through the room.
Above those cots all miseries blend,
On each some form of suffering lies;
Some groan, some sleep; but here one
friend
Puts on the angel's guise.

Scarcely I heard the bugle's call,
Scarce felt the night wind's heavy
breath,
I only saw the shadows fall,
And the ghastly chill of death,
Save where a pallid splendor lay
Upon his brow, like martyr's crown,
The sweet foreshadowing of the day
In which life's star goes down.

I hear his piteous tones implore
And heed his hand's hot clinging
grasp—

War Poets of the South,

Pale hands, alas! that nevermore
Shall feel love's answering clasp.
His frenzied spirit flies from pain,
He thinks himself once more at home:
"Dear wife, dear child, I'm here again,
Close to me, closer come."

.
His voice was hushed—short grew his
breath,
The glazing eyes closed slowly o'er,
The bloodless lips were kissed by
Death—
They'll speak of love no more.
One clammy hand I held in mine
And o'er it breathed my fervent
prayer;
Beneath the other seemed to shine
His baby's golden hair.

As the war advanced sorrow for
the "unreturning brave" was mingled
with each poem of praise.
Witness the verses by CAPT. J. E.
COOKE addressed to the "Band of
the Pines," heard after Pelham
died.

O band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;

War Poets of the South.

The living are brave and noble,
But the dead are bravest of all!

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud triumphant strain,
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead
friends
Come to the heart again!

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more!

O band in the pine-wood, cease!
Or the heart will melt with tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling
lips.
And the voices of old years!

While many elegies are found in all collections of war poetry, such as "Polk," by H. L. Flash; "John Pelham," by J. R. Randall; "Dirge for Ashby," by Mrs. M. J. Preston; "The Burial of Latané," by J. R. Thompson; and "Obsequies of Stuart," by the same writer; and while numbers of elegies were written on

War Poets of the South.

the death of Jackson, one additional selection will close this part of the subject. It seems to be conceded that CAPT. H. L. FLASH wrote the best poem on the death of the great leader,

Not midst the lightning of the stormy
fight,
Nor in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless
might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles
broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful
town,
When all the storm was hushed, the
trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks
the ground,
Recalling all his grand heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing in the
wound,
And all the country bleeds.

War Poets of the South.

He entered not the nation's Promised
Land,
At the red belching of the cannon's
mouth,
But broke the house of bondage with
his hand—
The Moses of the South!

O gracious God! not gainless in the
loss,
A glorious sunbeam gilds the sternest
frown;
And while his country staggers 'neath
the cross,
He rises with the crown!

The "Gray Jacket," by MRS. C.
A. BALL, of South Carolina, ex-
pressed the feelings and experience
of many a home. Nor did that feel-
ing of loss and desolation pass away
for many a sad day.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts ever-
more,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy
wore.

War Poets of the South.

Can we ever forget when he joined the
brave band,
Who rose in defense of dear Southern
land;
And in his bright youth hurried on to
the fray,
How proudly he donned it, the jacket of
gray?

His fond mother blessed him and looked
up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her
love;
What anguish was hers, mortal tongue
may not say,
When he passed from her sight in the
jacket of gray.

But her country had called him, she
would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on
its shrine;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar
she lay,
When she sent out her boy in his jacket
of gray!

Months passed, and war's thunders
rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword and lighted
the brand;

War Poets of the South.

We heard in the distance the noise of
the fray,
And prayed for our boy in the jacket of
gray.

Ah! vain all—all vain were our prayers
and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our
ears;
But our treasured one on the cold battle-
field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the
jacket of gray.

His young comrades found him and ten-
derly bore
His cold, lifeless form to his home by
the shore;
Oh, dark were our hearts on that terri-
ble day
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket
of gray.

Ah! spotted and tattered and stained
now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so
gracefully wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robes
the jacket of gray.

War Poets of the South.

We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow
bed,
And graved on the marble we placed
o'er his head,
As the proudest of tributes our sad
hearts could pay,
"He never disgraced the dear jacket of
gray."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride;
For dear must it be to our hearts ever-
more,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy
wore.

There came a time when the thin
lines of gray were full of gaps which
could not be filled, for the land held
many graves, and too few were left
at home to take the places of the
fallen. The note of defiance had
been early mingled with dirges.
Now a wail broke over the land—
a wail for the fallen comrades.
HAYNE dreamed of the dead gliding
by, but said:

Vain dream. Amid far-off mountains
They lie where the dew mists weep,

War Poets of the South.

And the murmur of mournful fountains
Breathes over their painless sleep;
On the breast of the lonely meadows,
Safe, safe from the despot's will,
They rest in the starlit shadows,
And their brows are white and still.

Alas for our heroes perished!
Cut down at their golden prime,
With the luminous hopes they cherished,
On the height of their faith sublime!
For them is the voice of wailing
And the sweet blush-rose departs,
From the cheeks of the maidens paling
O'er the wreck of their broken hearts.

JUDGE A. J. REQUIER, of Alabama, wrote "Our Faith in '61," in which he was sure "no belted Southron can retreat." Of the stars and bars he had sung "Fling wide the dauntless banner," but over the blood-stained ensign he chanted

ASHES OF GLORY.

Fold up the gorgeous silken sun,
By bleeding martyrs blest,

What Poets of the South.

And heap the laurels it has won
Above its place of rest.

No trumpet's note need harshly blare—
No drum funereal roll—
Nor trailing sables drape the bier
That frees a dauntless soul!

It lived with Lee and decked his brow
From Fate's empyreal palm:
It sleeps the sleep of Jackson now—
As spotless and as calm.

It was outnumbered, not outdone;
And they shall shuddering tell,
Who struck the blow, its latest gun
Flashed ruin as it fell.

Sleep, shrouded ensign! not the breeze
That smote the victor tar,
With death across the heaving seas
Of fiery Trafalgar;

Not Arthur's knights, amid the gloom
Their knightly deeds have starred;
Nor Gallic Henry's matchless plume,
Nor peerless-born Bayard;

Not all that antique fables feign,
And Orient dreams disgorge;

War Poets of the South.

Nor yet the Silver Cross of Spain,
And Lion of St. George,

Can bid thee pale! Proud emblem, still
Thy crimson glory shines
Beyond the lengthened shades that fill
Their proudest kingly lines.

Sleep! in thine own historic night,
And be thy blazoned scroll,
A warrior's banner takes its flight,
To greet the warrior's soul!

FLASH, who had written imperishable dirges over Zollicoffer, Polk, and Jackson, wrote some of his strongest lines on

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Four stormy years we saw it gleam,
A people's hope—and then refurled,
Even while its glory was the theme
Of half the world.

The beacon that, with streaming ray,
Dazzled a struggling nation's sight,
Seeming a pillar of cloud by day,
Of fire by night.

They jeer, who trembled as it hung,
Cometlike, blazoning the sky;

War Poets of the South.

And heroes, such as Homer sung,
Followed it—to die.

It fell—but stainless as it rose,
Martyred like Stephen, in the strife;
Passing like him, girdled with foes,
From death to life.

Fame's trophy, sanctified by tears,
Planted forever at her portal;
Folded, true — what then? four short
years
Made it immortal.

FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN followed the fortunes of the Confederacy with his ministrations, prayers, and tears; then caught up the desolate wail of a people whose homes were darkened and whose hearts were crushed, and wove this into the fadeless song:

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping, dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,

War Poets of the South.

And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it;
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it;

War Poets of the South.

Weep for those who fell before it;
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

In this collection an attempt has been made to select poems representing some of the various phases of the war. Of the many at hand only a few could be included. T. C. DE LEON says: "I had in my collection no fewer than forty-seven monodies and dirges on Stonewall

War Poets of the South.

Jackson, some dozen on Ashby, and a score on Stuart." In glancing over names not mentioned one may find that of CAPT. J. BARRON HOPE, of Virginia, with his "Oath of Freedom;" ST. GEORGE TUCKER, with his "Southern Cross;" W. GILMORE SIMMS, with his "Our City by the Sea;" J. DICKSON BRUN, with his "O Tempora; O Mores;" JUDGE MEEKS, with his "Wouldst Thou Have Me Love Thee?" W. GORDON McCABE, with his "John Pegram;" MRS. SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY, with her "Rallying Song of the Virginians;" MRS. TOWNSEND, with her "Georgia Volunteer"—but the list is too long to give in a small compass, and many of these wrote several poems. The dust of ages will not bring oblivion to the heroic deeds of a Titanic struggle, but more and more, as the years advance, will these become themes for song and story. An attractive glamour of romance always

War Poets of the South.

hangs over those who fight bravely
but unsuccessfully for a cause which
they have loved and deemed worthy
of every sacrifice.

John Reuben Thompson.

VIRGINIA has honored herself and honored her poet-editor in placing his likeness upon the walls of her State library among the portraits of her statesmen. This is as it should be, for too often the man of letters has not been held as the peer of the man of affairs. Particularly has the singer been slighted when the politicians were seated around the festal board. The Old Dominion has been prolific of Cornelias whose Grachi have borne large part in the making and movements of a great nation, but the number of her well-known literary men and women is greater now than at any former period of her history. This does not dim the splendor of the mighty intellects which molded and brightened the

John Reuben Thompson.

past, but only shows that the mind of the people has turned more to creative art since there has arisen a national Pharaoh who knows not Joseph politically—that is, that the soil which has produced the greatest statesmen and soldiers may well hope to produce leaders in all the refinements of learning. No writer comes full-fledged into his possessions of fame, nor does a nation come into the full possession of literary power without first passing through a state of apprenticeship. Now that the figures sound fabulous which designate the circulation of magazines and the sales of certain books, and that literature pays some dollars per magazine column, almost any one might yearn to be a writer, but no such inducements moved the ambitious in *ante bellum* days in the South, hence only those wrote who loved literature for its own sake.

Among those who helped to lay

John Reuben Thompson.

the foundation for modern literary development in the Southern half of the Union no name shines out brighter and more deserves honor than that of John Reuben Thompson. In the case of Thompson, the man is greater than any body of writing which he has left. While his poems—some of them gems of beauty—are an ornament to every Southern anthology, his influence and hence his fame rests chiefly upon his long term as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond, Va., from August, 1834, until sometime in 1864. T. W. White, its founder, secured the services of Poe as its first editor. Later the tripod was held by such as B. B. Minor, John R. Thompson, and George W. Bagby. Donald G. Mitchell, Matthew Fontaine Maury, Richard Henry Wilde, Henry Timrod, Paul H. Hayne, and a host of others won or added to their fame in its columns.

John Reuben Thompson.

John R. Thompson was born in Richmond, Va., October 23, 1823. He was graduated at the University of Virginia in 1844. He afterwards studied law at the same place, and settled in Richmond, with every prospect of success. But soon his proclivities for literature overmastered those for law, and accordingly with the November number of 1847 he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and began that career of critical writing which did so much to foster the true literary spirit among the younger generation of his section. Its proper fruitage has revealed itself in the names already famous in the field of Southern literature. For the personnel of Mr. Thompson and additional history of the *Messenger* I cannot do better than to quote at length from a letter by Mr. B. B. Minor to this writer. Be it remembered that Mr. Minor was the immediate predecessor of Mr. Thomp-

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son as editor. In answer to some questions propounded concerning Thompson he says :

“Mr. Thompson was rather low in stature, neat and prim and attentive to his dress and personal appearance. His address was good, but rather studied ; his conversation was pleasant, and he had some humor ; his manner was respectful and unassuming, but painstaking and ingratiating ; he was a man of culture and æsthetic taste. You ask also about his lectures, etc. They were well and correctly prepared, but he had little oratorical power, and was only a fair and pleasant reader. He did write other poems besides those relating to the war. One was delivered at one of the celebrations here in regard to our splendid Washington monument. It was published at the time. I have never seen any volume of his. . . . I wish to correct, or perhaps amplify, one statement in *Ap-*

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pleton. It is there said that Mr. Thompson was elected as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He 'elected' himself just as I had done. There was, however, a business difference between his position and mine. In August, 1843, I of my own accord purchased from the administrator of Mr. Thomas W. White, its founder, the whole establishment of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, printing office and all, and employed the same force. After a while two of the printers formed a partnership, and bought from me the entire printing department, but continued to be the printers and publishers of the magazine for me. When I sold to Mr. Thompson I conveyed to him only the magazine, but he made the same arrangements with the printers. When Mr. Thompson left the *Messenger* to go to Augusta, Ga., he sold out to the printers, and thereafter they elected and engaged editors, as, in fact, Mr.

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Thomas White had done in his lifetime, for he too was a printer, and not a literary man. Thus you see that Mr. Thompson's tastes and ambition, which were similar to mine, led him to purchase the magazine from me."

In addition, a personal description by James Wood Davidson may be of interest:

"In person Mr. Thompson is a small and slender man, of easy manner; dresses with marked taste; has an engaging and steady blue eye, and a voice low, earnest, and brisk, with a well-defined emphasis in talking; converses well; wears American whiskers, of neutral yellowish color; has hair darker, and thin, with an approach toward baldness; is not married."

Davidson wrote in the lifetime of Thompson. Of his critical work and lectures Davidson says:

"As a lecturer, he has appeared on several occasions, and always

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with success. His immense fund of information, and the ready adaptive faculty of his mind, render him eminently fitted for this sphere, and eminently successful in it. The one of his lectures most attractive to myself personally, and upon a subject best suited to his genius, was that delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association in Richmond during the war, upon the life and character of Edgar A. Poe. The lecturer's intimate personal acquaintance with Poe and the sphere of Poe's genius and labors, together with the lecturer's liberal views upon life and literature, and his broad catholic charity for the eccentricities of his erratic brother's fevered but godlike genius, made him preëminently the man to lecture on that subject, and made the lecture a masterpiece in its way. As a lecturer, Mr. Thompson's style is pure, clear, vigorous, direct, and impressive. As an editor and critical writ-

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er he stands, as I have said, very high; and his style in this sphere of labor is as fine, as polished, and ornate as that of any American writer that I have read."

To continue the life of our poet-editor, he left the *Messenger* in 1859 on account of delicate health, and went South, to Augusta, Ga., where he edited the *Southern Field and Fireside*. He had gone to Europe for his health in 1854. While there he wrote letters of travel which were brought out in book form, but the edition, save the author's copy, was burned in the publishing house. In 1863, both for health and with a hope of aiding the Confederacy, he again sought Europe. Temporary improvement came to him, and he became either editor or a member of the staff of the *London Index*. After the war he returned to America and became literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*, a position which at once brought him the ac-

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quaintance and soon the friendly interest of a large number of the literary celebrities of the day. A losing fight for health continued. His last effort at recovery resulted in a trip to Colorado in the winter of 1872, from which he returned to die in New York April 30, 1873. He is buried in Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond. Mr. Thompson was never married.

Though some of his poems became as household words in the South, especially during the war, as said, by far his best work was done as editor. On taking charge of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in November, 1847, he put forth his address as follows:

"The present number of the *Messenger* comes to you under the guidance of a new editor. On the cover you will read a stranger's name where you have been wont to see one endeared to you by a long and pleasant intercourse. In the ed-

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itor's corner you will miss the familiar teachings of a pen which has held excellent converse with you during a period of four years. The person on whom has fallen his editorial mantle now addresses you, and as the public ear is ever open to the cadences of an unaccustomed voice,

As when a well-graced actor leaves the
stage

The eyes of men

Are idly bent on him who enters next,

he supposes you will grant a patient hearing while he ventures a few words by way of salutation. In this place, however, he has something to say beyond a mere friendly greeting. It is proper that the *Messenger* should be discussed in connection with its history, its prospects, and its aims. The occasion invites, too, some serious reflections on the literature of the country and the causes which have hitherto operated to retard its progress. These

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are kindred topics, and deserve at our hands an attentive consideration. We presume that none will dispute the proposition that an exalted literature is the noblest trait in a national character. The Chinese have a proverb that letters and husbandry are the two principal professions. Certainly there can be nothing better calculated to humanize a people, to raise them in the standard of true greatness, than an expansive intellectual development. It gives them an influence surpassing the prestige of military fame, and a power that shall survive the wreck of dynasties and thrones. Accordingly all history goes to establish that those nations who have most cultivated polite letters have exercised the largest sway over human affairs and left us the worthiest examples of national renown. Why do we venerate Athens above all the cities of antiquity? Because she has bequeathed to us the rich leg-

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acy of an imperishable literature, and upon her models we are taught to form our style. What throws a halo around the pontificate of Leo X.? Assuredly its literary luster. If we look back to the age of Elizabeth or Louis, we shall find their most permanent glory not in Turenne leading vast armies in the field, or Raleigh giving chase to the galleons of Spain, but in their mental wealth — in Shakespeare, Massinger, Jonson, and Marlowe, in Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, and Massillon. Humiliating to our pride as may be the confession, it must be admitted that America has added little as yet to the garners of intellect. In the physical sciences and the mechanical arts, we have accomplished great results. The finest merchant navy in the world wafts to our shores the products of the Orient, and carries back the fabrics of a thousand looms. The prophetic rhapsody of Darwin has

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been more than fulfilled in our facilities of locomotion, and it has been reserved for an American, in the wondrous invention of the telegraph, to reduce to practical utility what an old writer foreshadowed as a figment of fancy. But we are still dependent on our transatlantic brethren for the more important and considerable portion of our literature. We can point as yet to no poem of American composition which is likely to become a classic. The sketches of Irving and the histories of Prescott have indeed reflected credit on our literary pretensions, and pleasant Sidney Smith, were he now among the living, could ask no longer, "Who reads an American book?" But as a great continent, we cannot deny that we are still in literary leading-strings. To account for this acknowledged inferiority many causes have been assigned. . . . And among them we regard as most im-

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portant our peculiar social conditions, growing out of our position as a new country. In all infant communities the attention of the people is first of all directed to the exigencies of the State. To rear habitable settlements, to cultivate the soil, to establish commercial relations, to provide a system of national defense, these are the occupations which demand their earliest concern. In a meager population no one can be spared from these urgent duties to foster letters, the want of which cannot yet be felt. From the very nature of things there can be no literary class, The temples of justice must precede the lyceum and the university, and there must be laid an agricultural basis for all the branches of intellectual research. While the energies of our infant republic have been directed to these necessary objects, letters and the arts have progressed in England and on the

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Continent under the encouraging auspices of a class of men whose whole time is devoted to literary pursuits. . . . We have been engaged, too, in a great political experiment. The struggle for freedom in this Western hemisphere, an issue between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, broke out just at that period of our history when we were preparing to put forth some literary efforts, and those who under other circumstances would have added to the treasures of the language which Chatham spoke were absorbed in the shock and stir of passing events. The people of these colonies turned from the peaceful avocations which had employed them and made a united opposition to the aggressions of the English Parliament and Crown. They appealed to the God of Battles to decide a momentous question, and until that decision was rendered they abandoned

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all other pursuits. When peace at last smiled on their victorious eagles a government was framed which was to demonstrate a problem in political science, and from the day which saw the signatures affixed to the immortal instrument which binds us together to the present time the first minds of the nation have never ceased to regard the operation of that government with zealous and anxious interest. We cannot regret this, even while we deduce from it our literary poverty, for if the price of liberty be eternal vigilance and the cause of free institutions be threatened by open enemies from without and treacherous friends within the State cannot be guarded with too watchful a care. This untiring devotion to politics has not been without happy effects in exhibiting the most gratifying proofs of the capacity of our people in the highest efforts of forensic eloquence, of statesman-

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ship and diplomacy. In the progressive changes of the country, then, from a sparsely settled region to one swarming with an opulent and enlightened population have we not abundant reason to hope for a noble literature, adapted to our sensibilities and adequate to our wants? When some future Waverley shall depict the domestic charities and homebred virtues of America in the pages of fiction, or some unborn minstrel shall 'wake to ecstasy the living lyre,' he will find millions to laugh and weep over his chapters, or to be roused by his strains from the chain of the Alleghanies to

The continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no
sound
Save his own dashings.

"In the cause of Southern letters the *Messenger* has labored earnestly, and we trust not without success, since the appearance of its

John Reuben Thompson.

first number in 1834. Month after month it has reached you freighted with rich and valuable stores of instruction and amusement. It has not indeed sought to beguile an idle hour without leaving some useful impression on the mind of the reader. The contributors, who have filled its pages have not written thoughtlessly, nor have they endeavored by flippancy commonplaces to 'catch, as she flies, the Cynthia of the minute.' Content to stand upon its own merits in the estimate of an impartial public, it has left to others those adventitious aids and (so-called) embellishments by which the eye of the million is caught in this day of mezzotint engraving. It has put forth as original no bad copies of tawdry pictures in the English annals, nor has it circulated a monthly fashion plate to show how the extravagant demoiselles of the Faubourg St. Germain dress themselves for a

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morning call. It has ever had a higher aim and exercised a nobler ministry. It has attempted to present some truths in manifestations more lovely and imposing than they had before assumed, and thus to fasten them upon the moral perception. It has enlisted in the prosecution of literary studies many minds whose light might otherwise have been long obscured. In commending the lessons of history, and by a salutary recurrence to the recorded experience of our own country, it has wiped the dust from the urns of the illustrious dead and held up their characters to the affectionate remembrance and imitation of the living. In an age of prosing realities and calculating utilitarianism, it has labored to gather up every fragment of intellect, to refine the taste, to soften the asperities of party warfare, and to invest with poetic beauty the daily walks of life."

John Reuben Thompson.

Brief as is this selection from a long address, it shows the beauty and excellence of Mr. Thompson's prose and gives some idea of the great loss to the South occurring from the fact that no collection of his best work has been made. He left a diary of his last trip to Europe and other papers in the hands of the poet R. H. Stoddard, who published an installment in *Lippincott* for November, 1888. It is to be hoped that the aged poet will give us additional facts and selections. Some of Thompson's occasional poems were too occasional—that is, were sent forth with too little care of preparation. Others are among the most graceful ever penned in America. Some of his most admired poems are "The Burial of Latané," "The Death of Stewart," "The Battle Rainbow," and "Ashby," though many others have a high order of merit. A selection of three stanzas is made from "The Battle Rain-

John Reuben Thompson.

bow." The rainbow of the poem was seen from Richmond during the seven days of blood in 1862 :

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow
 flashed out,
And its thunder peals filled all the
 tremulous air;
Over slipp'ry entrenchment and red-
 dened redoubt
Rung the wild cheer of triumph, the
 cry of despair.

Then a long week of glory and agony
 came—
Of mute supplication and yearning
 and dread;
When day unto day gave the record of
 fame,
And night unto night gave the list
 of its dead.

We had triumphed—the foe had fled
 back to his ships,
His standard in rags and his legions
 a wreck;
But alas! the stark faces and colorless
 lips
Of our loved ones gave triumph's re-
 joicings a check.

John Reuben Thompson.

From the *Alumni Bulletin* of the University of Virginia, dated August, 1899, is taken the following:

"A large portrait of the poet, John R. Thompson, which had been presented by the artist, Mrs. Marietta Minnegerode Andrews, of Washington, was unveiled in the public hall on Monday, June 12, at 11 A.M. Dr. Barringer presided, and the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Barr, of Richmond. The portrait was presented by the Hon. R. Walton Moore, of Fairfax, and accepted by Prof. William M. Thornton.

"Thompson's life was sketched by Capt. William McCabe, of Richmond; letters of appreciation were read by Dr. C. W. Kent; a memorial ode by the Rev. Dr. Beverly D. Tucker, of Norfolk, followed; and finally, Thompson's "Burial of Latané" was read by the Hon. Armistead C. Gordon, of Staunton. The "Burial of Latané" is here given:

John Reuben Thompson.

[In Gen. Stuart's famous raid around the rear of McClellan's army Capt. Latané was the only man killed. His brother, returning after the fight, carried the body to Dr. Brockenbrough's plantation, near by, and left it with Mrs. Brockenbrough to be interred. Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for a clergyman to perform the funeral rites; but he not being permitted to pass, she read the burial service herself, some ladies of the family and a few faithful servants forming a small, sad audience. This scene has been made the subject of a touching picture by Mr. Washington.]

THE BURIAL OF LATANE.

The combat raged not long, but ours
the day,

And, through the hosts that compassed us around,

Our little band rode proudly on its way,

Leaving one gallant comrade glory-crowned,

Unburied on the field he died to gain—

Alone, of all his men, amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood;

Hope's halo, like a helmet, round his hair;

John Reuben Thompson.

The next beheld him, dabbled in his
blood,
Prostrate in death; and yet, in death
how fair!
Even thus he, passed through the red
gates of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms to an
immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field,
And gave it unto strangers' hands,
that closed
The calm blue eyes, on earth forever
sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs com-
posed:
Strangers, yet sisters, who with Mary's
love
Sat by the open tomb, and, weeping,
looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier—
Pale roses, not more stainless than
his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sin-
cere,
That blossomed with good actions—
brief, but whole;
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached, with reverent feet, the
hero's lowly grave.

John Reuben Thompson.

No man of God might say the burial
rite

Above the "rebel"—thus declared the
foe—

That blanched before him in the deadly
fight;

But woman's voice, with accents soft
and low,

Trembling with pity, touched with pa-
thos, read

Over his hallowed dust the ritual for
the dead.

"'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in
power."

Softly the promise floated on the air,
While the low breathings of the sunset
hour

Came back responsive to the mourn-
er's prayer.

Gently they laid him underneath the
sod,

And left him with his fame, his country,
and his God!

Let us not weep for him, whose deeds
endure.

So young, so brave, so beautiful! He
died

As he had wished to die; the past is
sure;

John Reuben Thompson.

Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger by the stormy
shore,
Change cannot harm him now, nor fortune touch him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her
spear,
Victrix et vidua—the conflict done—
Shall raise her mailed hand to wipe the
tear
That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
No prouder memory her breast shall
sway
Than thine, our early host, lamented
Latané!

Since Thompson was an ardent Southerner the tragedy of his times stirred his poetic fervor to deeper strains, but "The Greek Slave," "Virginia," "Patriotism," and particularly "Carcassonne," translated from the French, are lit up with poetic fire. One little thing written earlier is here reproduced, as showing Mr. Thompson in lighter vein. It is called

John Reuben Thompson.

A PICTURE.

Across the narrow, dusty street
I see, at early dawn,
A little girl with glancing feet,
As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks;
She carries in her hand a rose,
And two upon her cheeks.

The sun mounts up the torrid sky;
The bell for dinner rings;
My little friend, with laughing eye,
Comes gayly back and sings.

The week wears off, and Saturday—
A welcome day, I ween—
Gives time for girlish romp and play—
How glad my pet is seen!

But Sunday—in what satins great
Does she not then appear!
King Solomon, in all his state,
Wore no such pretty gear.

I fling her every day a kiss,
And one she flings to me.
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.

John Reuben Thompson.

"Patriotism," written in 1856, is
worthy of reproduction :

Whoe'er has stood upon the Rigi's
height
And watched the sunset fading into
night,
While every moment some new star was
born
From the bold Eggar to the Wetter-
horn,
Has seen, as steadily the airy tide
Of darkness deepened up the mountain
side,
The glowing summits slowly, one by
one,
Lose the soft crimson splendor of the
sun
(Like altar lights in some cathedral dim
Extinguished singly with the dying
hymn)
Till the last flush would lovingly repose
Upon the Jungfrau's purple waste of
snows.
Thus, O my country, when primeval
gloom
Shall over earth its ancient reign re-
sume;
When night eternal shall its march
begin

John Reuben Thompson.

O'er the round world and all that is
therein;

As dark oblivion's rising waves absorb
All human trophies, thus shall glory's
orb

Thy lone sublimity the latest see
And pour its parting radiance on thee!

James Barron Hope.

A FEW years ago, among the twenty and odd thousand inhabitants of Norfolk, Va., one might have met a slender, graceful man, with gray eyes under a broad white forehead, a carefully kept gray beard, and a manner refined and Southern and as courtly as that of Sir Roger de Coverley. A Norfolk child would have pointed out the pale-faced, thoughtful gentleman as the superintendent of city schools; to a citizen he would have been the founder and editor of the *Norfolk Landmark*; the music folks would have greeted him as the President of the St. Cecilia Musical Society; the "crippled Confederate" would have felt his heart beat faster as he caught the glance of that eye and saluted the command-

James Barron Hope.

er of his camp of veterans; almost any distinguished Virginian would have said: "This is our poet, Capt. J. Barron Hope, who wears well all these honors."

To deliver three great anniversary poems in a little more than a year is an attainment large enough, it would seem, to satisfy any ambition. This honor fell to Hope when, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, May 13, 1857, he read a poem celebrating the first English settlement at Jamestown; on February 22, 1858, he recited a poem at the base of the Washington statue on Capitol Square, Richmond; on July 4, 1858, he delivered a poem before the graduating class of William and Mary.

Any of these, delivered in New England, would have been thought worthy of more than local interest. But the storm clouds of war, which overshadowed so much Southern literature, were even then in the

James Barron Hope.

air. This poem on Washington breathes a dread of their portent. The poet himself was soon to lay down the quill of Jove's bird and grasp the hilt of a shining blade as his fathers had done. The same year in which he delivered the first of these poems Lippencott published "Leoni Di Monata, and Other Poems," by James Barron Hope. Among the "other poems" was "Balaklava," which so delighted the late English novelist James, then British consul at Richmond, that he sent a copy to the queen. It was graciously acknowledged by her, and, being published in England, received many favorable notices from eminent men of that day. James thought it "not one whit behind Tennyson's version of the same conflict as given in the 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'" The martial spirit of the South has caused three of her poets (Hope, Alexander Smith, and Judge Meek) to at-

James Barron Hope.

tempt this same stirring theme. In 1859 Hope gathered into another volume his "Anniversary" and some other poems. This was published in Richmond, and hence was too far South and too near the war to out-ride the storm. It shared the fate of that much-praised first volume of Flash's, published a year later. It costs an effort now to find any of these books.

From these Southern works, several of which are before me, it can easily be shown that, while the war may have made, it also blighted a goodly company of rising poets. Hope was of fighting stock. On his mother's side he was a son of the Barrons, of naval fame. He had already been dangerously wounded on the "field of honor," and had been on a cruise to the West Indies. Of course he went into the war. He came out captain. He seems to have served Mars, and not the Muses, during

James Barron Hope.

these dark years, and the duties of the editorship which he soon after assumed kept his feet from Parnassus save at intervals for years after. His genius was not forgotten. Too often had his articles for his paper shaken off their "prose and mounted up into the dignity and beauty of measured rhythm for the powers of the poet to be utterly lost to view." When the centennial of the surrender at Yorktown was to be celebrated Capt. Hope was invited by a committee of Congress to deliver a poem. He complied, and delivered a "metrical address" in the presence of a vast assembly, among which were representatives from France. With this address, in measure, it is said "he stirred the throng about him as if it had been one man." There was such power in the delivery as well as in the poem that at the close Americans and French "pressed around him with praise and enthusiasm." The

James Barron Hope.

lessons of patriotism in this ode should be taught in every household, and the martial ring of its poetry has not been surpassed in this country. This was published in a volume with a revised "Balaklava" and a few other poems in 1882. Hope was naturally selected to recite the poem for the laying of the corner stone to the monument of his chief in arms, Lee, which took place at Richmond October 26, 1887. The poem was written, but before it was read the writer was still in death. The recitation of this poem by Capt. McCabe, the great Petersburg teacher, "was frequently interrupted by rapturous applause." In his other poem Washington had been his ideal. He called his Yorktown ode "Arms and the Man," and "the man" was Washington. In this he says :

And to-day Virginia matches him,
And matches him with Lee.

James Barron Hope.

In a letter Capt. McCabe says Capt. Hope "wrote the Lee poem almost in the throes of death," and "undoubtedly would have made some changes in it had he lived." This draft was finished September 15, and on the 16th, after a day of his usual labors, Mr. Hope passed away.

The running wheel often throws off bright sparks while bearing the weight of the moving train, so he, while bearing other burdens of life, threw off these bright scintillations of poetry. Under the nom de plume of Henry Ellen he was called the "gifted young Virginian" as early as 1856. Several of his minor poems of early date are of delicate fancy. It may be said that he was brought out by the *Southern Library Messenger*, which brought out so much Southern talent. We talk of "the recent movement in Southern literature." We have seen no movement such as we might see if some wealthy

James Barron Hope.

man or corporation should establish in the South a publication equal in make-up to the great monthlies of the East. Such a work would be the benefaction of the age. Lasting fame is for some founder of such enterprise. The Virgils and Cæsars might not cease to "fodder cattle and keep sheep," but the lowings of the cattle and the flowers of the pastures would be turned into living poesy and given a "local habitation and a name."

The principal facts concerning Hope I get from the pen of his daughter, Mrs. Janey B. H. Marr, herself a gifted authoress. He was born in 1829, took his A.B. at William and Mary in 1847, was then Secretary to his uncle, Commissioner Samuel Barron, made a cruise to the West Indies, was severely wounded in an "affair of honor" with J. Pembroke Jones in 1849, was Commonwealth Attorney

James Barton Bope.

from 1856 to the war. He served through the war with courage and fidelity, then took up his pen for the routine work of editor, finally "founding the *Norfolk Landmark*," which he edited with signal ability. His people delighted to heap honors upon him. As Commander of the camp he addressed the Confederate veterans on their first decoration day in these stirring lines :

A king once said of a prince struck
down,
Taller he seems in death;
And this speech holds true, for now, as
then,
'Tis after death that we measure men.
And as mists of the past are rolled away
Our heroes, who died in their tattered
gray,
Grow taller and greater in all their
parts,
Till they fill our minds as they fill our
hearts,
And for those that lament them there
is this relief,
That glory sits by the side of grief.
Yes, they grow "taller" as the years
pass by

James Barron Hope.

And the world learns how they could do
and die.

A nation respects them. The East and
West,

The far-off slope of the Golden Coast,
The stricken South and the North agree
That the heroes who died for you and
me—

Each valiant man, in his own degree,
Whether he fell on the shore or sea,

Did deeds of which

This land, though rich

In histories, may boast,

And the sage's book and the poet's lay
Are full of the deeds of the men in gray.

No lion cleft from the rock is ours,

Such as Lucerne displays;

Our only wealth is in tears and flowers,

And words of reverent praise.

And the roses brought to this silent
yard

Are red and white. Behold!

They tell how wars for a kingly crown,

In the blood of England's best writ
down,

Left Britain a story whose moral old

Is fit to be graven in text of gold:

The moral is, that when battles cease

The ramparts smile in the blooms of
peace,

James Barron Dope.

And flowers to-day were hither brought
From the gallant men who against us
fought,
Each to itself and the other true!
And so I say
Our men in gray
Have left to the South and North a tale
Which none of the glories of earth can
pale.

These are random shots o'er the men
at rest,
But each rings out on a warrior's crest.
Yes, names, like bayonet points, when
massed,
Blaze out as we gaze on the splendid
past.

That past is now like an Arctic sea
Where the living currents have ceased
to run,
But over that past the fame of Lee
Shines out as the "Midnight Sun;"
And that glorious orb, in its march sub-
lime,
Shall gild our graves till the end of
time!

There are societies of many
names and objects, but there ought
to be at least one more. It is just

James Barron Hope.

barely possible now to obtain copies of the works of many of the best Southern writers. Very few of these are found in any public libraries, not even those of the South. Several Southern magazines have been for a time waymarks along the path of literature, and then have passed into the dim regions of history. Public libraries, which contain even obscure British journals, contain no files of these. Their keepers have not even heard the names. Only one public library in these parts, so far as the writer knows, contains numbers of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, yet that was founded by Edgar A Poe and long conducted by John R. Thompson—poets among poets, Titans in literature. Files of the "Land We Love" before me contain such poems as "Little Giffen of Tennessee;" yet such files are not easy to be procured. Many volumes of good, fair, and indiffer-

James Barron Hope.

ent literature were published in the years just before the war. All these things should be preserved, not merely for their literary value, but to show the world, and especially our own children, what literature the South really produced. It is American literature, and as such should be gathered and preserved. A society might do this.

I have before me three volumes of poems by J. Barron Hope. Two, maybe all, are out of print. A few selections may be of interest. The "Charge of the Light Brigade," by Tennyson, is justly considered one of the finest battle lyrics. Some have thought not one whit inferior Hope's "Balaklava," describing the same incident. I give specimen stanzas:

Brightly gleam six hundred sabers,
And the brazen trumpets ring;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,
And the heavens widely riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing.

James Barron Hope.

Onward! On! the chargers trample;
Quicker falls each iron heel!
And the headlong pace grows faster;
Noble steed and noble master,
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal.

Down went many a gallant soldier;
Down went many a stout dragon;
Lying grim and stark and gory
On the crimson field of glory,
Leaving us a noble story
And their white-cliffed home a boon.

The poem has twenty such stanzas, and would be found in collections for elocutionary exercises, but for—well, what? “Dreamy eyes,” “pensive lids,” and “dark hair’s silken flow” are apt to make part of a young man’s first volume of poems. Hope’s was no exception. Well, the world will never tire of love and beauty, nor of the songs that thrill with these, and it will be a poor world when it wearies of its choicest gifts. He watches Zeno-va moving with the music :

James Barron Dope.

And thy face is ever changing
With the changes of the time,
As they say the waters vary
With the changes of the moon.

Now thy eyes are downward looking,
Now upraised in laughing light,
Ever fitful in their luster
Like the tropic waves at night.

The following has a lover's extravagance, but a poet's delicacy :

Were I a knight, those hands of hers—
Those little hands so small and
white—

Alone should buckle on my spurs,
The golden spurs which proved me
knight.

Those hands—hast ever seen them?
Nay;

Then marvel not that thus I sing
Their loveliness in this poor lay.

They well might wake a string
More noble than this trembling now,
To tell how wondrous fair their hue,
White as Madonna's stainless brow,
Or lily wet with moonlit dew;

And yet they have a rosy sign
Just lingering on their dainty tips
As if she'd dipped them in red wine
And dried them on her crimson lips.

James Barron Dope.

What is more exquisite than the last four lines just given?

From one of his poem orations I select this on the name of Washington :

I've called his name a statue; stern
and vast,
It rests enthroned upon the mighty
past;
Fit plinth for him whose image in the
mind
Looms up as that of one by God de-
signed!
Fit plinth, in sooth! the mighty past
for him
Whose simple name is glory's syno-
nym!
Een Fancy's self, in her enchanted sleep,
Can dream no future which may cease
to keep
His name in guard, like sentinel, and
cry
From Time's great bastions: "It shall
never die!"

It is hard to say things upon themes like the following that have not been said before in some form, but he is the true poet who finds the

James Barron Hope.

"apt word" to better say an old thing. Such is this:

All is quiet save the murmur
Of the tide upon the bar;
See each little breaker playing
With the image of a star!

I take two stanzas from the Yorktown address:

Float out, O flag, and float in every
clime!

Float out, O flag, and blaze on every
sea!

Float out, O flag, and float as long as
time

And space themselves shall be!

Float out, O flag, above a smiling land!

Float out, O flag, above a peaceful
sod!

Float out, O flag, thy staff within the
hand

Beneficent of God!

These may not be the best specimens that might have been selected, but they give some idea of the poetry of J. Barron Hope.

Henry Lynden Flash.

THE loss to humanity can never be repaired when the inevitable stress of affairs leads the poet from the steeps of Parnassus to the struggling marts of trade. Any one fortunate enough to own a thin volume of poems published in 1860 bearing the name at the head of this essay realizes the loss to the South which befell when Mr. Flash decided that "the South preferred potatoes to poetry," and went into business.

Of his advent as a poet I will again allow that ardent devotee to Southern writers, James Wood Davidson, to speak. In "Living Writers of the South," published in 1859, he says:

"Several years ago—it may be ten—in some newspaper, probably the *Home Journal*, of New York,

Henry Lynden Flash.

I chanced upon this little poem,
called 'Love and Wrong,' under
the authority of Lynden Eclair :

A scoffed-at prayer, the flit of a dress,
The glance of a frenzied eye,
A sullen splash, and the moon shone
out,
And the stream went muttering by.

And never again will I walk by the
moon,
Through the oaks and chestnuts high;
For I fear to see the flit of a dress,
And the glance of a frenzied eye.

And some may laugh and some may
weep,
But as for me, I pray;
For I know that a tale of love and
wrong
Will be told on the judgment day.

"I was startled at the power of
these three stanzas—at the con-
densation, the *multum in parvo*, the
thrilling tact of telling so much in
so very few words. It is true, there
is too much of the melodramatic
and spasmodic in the fiction of this

Henry Lynden Flash.

'Love and Wrong,' but still there is power. Whoever has read the poem will never forget it. I felt that, whoever he was, Lynden Eclair was a true poet. The name was evidently a nom de plume, and I awaited anxiously the name of the author. The next I saw of Lynden Eclair was in the *Sunday Delta*, of New Orleans, during 1858, I believe in a lyric called 'Who Can Tell,' dated Mobile, Ala. I know of no man in America who could approach the peculiar *verve* of these lyrics, except Stoddard, and had reasons for believing that it was not he. Aldrich might have conceived and even written them; he could never have left them without some evidence of polish and of his patient retouching—could never have left them in the Greek simplicity in which they here appear. My mind at once turned to a transatlantic star, just then rising into view, from which alone, as I conceived, this pe-

Henry Lynden Flash.

culiar light could come. My mind fixed upon Owen Meredith—Bulwer *filis*—as the one living poet who might be the author of the poemlets, of such unique spirit and vigor, of such concise, suggestive, and yet easy and nonchalant expression.”

Mr. Davidson further says :

“Imagine my surprise and pleasure, then, when a new poem came unmistakably from the same brain, and with it the identity of authorship, under the true name of Henry Lynden Flash, and with it came, too, the information that the poet was not only an American, but a Southron.

In 1860 Mr. Flash published his poems in a small volume—just the time when the first mutterings of the cloud of war were heard, and in the thunderstorm that has succeeded, the book has been comparatively forgotten, as have all things else than blood, horrors, and death. The volume contains sixty-one

Henry Lynden Flash.

poems, all lyrical, and is, I have not the least hesitation in saying, the best first volume of poems ever published in America."

When the war between the States broke out Mr. Flash was a young man who had made some friends by his pen, had made a visit to Europe, which no doubt ministered to the cultivation of his artistic taste, and was the author, as said, of a volume of poems which deserved far more than ordinary attention. Being an ardent Southerner, he entered the army, making a fine record as a soldier, attaining the rank of captain. Later his pen was more needed than his sword, and he became editor of the *Telegraph*, published at Macon, Ga. It was here that he wrote the three poems found in the collections of war poetry—"Zollikoffer," "Jackson," and "Polk." It is said that "Polk" was written in five minutes, while the foreman waited for "copy." Mr. Flash him-

Henry Lynden Flash.

self says that, so far as he remembers, all of his earlier writings were published in forty-eight hours after they were written. This shows what a force in literature he might have become by better methods of composition had he not sought fortune in other fields.

Pains have been taken to make the following brief sketch of Mr. Flash as accurate as possible.

Henry Lynden Flash was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 20, 1835. In 1839 he moved to New Orleans. In 1849 he went to Western Military Institute in Kentucky, and was graduated there in 1852, at the age of seventeen. He first wrote and published verses while at college. When he left college he went to Mobile, Ala., in a branch of his father's commercial house, and wrote verses off and on all the time. In 1857 he went to Europe and spent a year in Italy. While there he was engaged as a correspondent

Henry Lynden Flash.

of the *New Orleans Delta* and the *Montgomery Mail*. Before going to Europe he was for a few months one of the editors of the *Mobile Register*. On returning from Italy in 1858, he went into a cotton commission house in Mobile. In the summer of 1860 his volume of poems was published by Rudd & Carleton, New York. It was sold out in two or three months, and another edition was to have been published, but the war prevented. He served during the war as a volunteer, and was aid-de-camp to Gen. W. J. Hardee and Gen. Joe Wheeler, and during the last year of the war owned and edited the *Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*. In the fall of 1860 he had gone to Galveston, Tex., and opened a wholesale Western produce business. After the war in 1865, he returned to his business in Galveston, but in 1868 left there and went into the same business at his old home in New

Henry Lynden Flash.

Orleans. In 1870 he was married to Miss Clara Dolson, of New Orleans, and lived in that city until 1868, when he moved to Los Angeles, Cal., his present home. He wrote verses more or less all this time. Sometimes he wrote two the same day; sometimes not a line in two or three years. He has always been most actively engaged in business, and never gave any special time to literature. His father and mother were natives of Jamaica, West Indies, and were both educated in England.

In person he has been described as follows: "Our poet is a trifle below medium height—maybe five feet nine—and stands erect. He has black hair; black, keen, piercing eyes; a strongly-marked Roman nose; a prominent and forcible chin; and an expressive mouth." He has written a number of poems within the last half-dozen years—some equal to his best work, but

Henry Lynden Flash.

has published no volume. It is to be hoped that a collection of all his best work will soon be made. The world needs all the poetry there is, and Flash wrote poetry.

Of his earlier poems, "What She Brought Me" has been much praised and often copied. "The Shadows of the Valley" is a very beautiful and perfect poem.

There's a mossy, shady valley
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter,
'Neath a coverlid of snow.
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets,
Till they seem to laugh and sing.
But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an elfin host, that's fled,
Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,

Henry Lynden Flash.

Stretch their dreamy lengths forever
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone.
And a dewdrop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave;
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part;
And those shadows in the valley,
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

"The Maid I Love" may be called
an extravaganza, but deserves to
rank with "The Paragon of Pink-
ney."

Henry Lynden Flash.

The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her
neck,

The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned kings might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

She walks the earth with such a grace
The lilies turn to look,
And waves rise up to catch a glance,
And stir the quiet brook;
Nor ever will they rest again,
But chatter as they flow,
And babble of her crimson lips,
And of her breast of snow.

And e'en the leaves upon the trees
Are whispering tales of her,
And tattle till they grow so warm
That, in the general stir,
They twist them from the mother-
branch,

And through the air they fly,
Till, fainting with the love they feel,
They flutter down and die.

And, what is stranger still than all
The wonders of her grace,
Her mind's the only thing to match
The glories of her face.

Benny Lynden Flash.

O, she is nature's paragon—
All innocent of art;
And she has promised me her hand,
And given me her heart.

And when the spring again shall flush
Our glorious Southern bowers,
My love will wear a bridal veil,
A wreath of orange flowers;
And so I care not if the sun
Should founder in the sea,
For O! the heaven of her love
Is light enough for me!

Two stanzas of "Curst and Blest,"
voicing the thought of the opium
eater, have been cited as of surpass-
ing beauty.

For I have a friend, a luminous friend,
The soul of the poppies rich and red,
That walks the pathway of my heart
Like an angel among the dead.

And down, far down to the bottom he
goes,
Till he comes to the hope that is bur-
ied there,
Waves his magical hands, and lo!
A blessing upstarts from a great de-
spair.

Henry Lynden Flash.

Then why should I die, with such a
friend

To work his miracle when I will—
To speak to me like Christ to the waves,
And quiet my heart with his "Peace,
be still?"

No! Twine sweet flowers around my
brow,
And give me the wondrous drug to
drink
That makes it a melody only to live,
And a perfect poem to think.

Like Poe, he sometimes portrays
scenes that are "out of space, out
of time." Of this complexion is
"Lifting the Veil," a poem too
long to be given entire, but a few
stanzas will suffice to show what is
meant.

I am lying in my shroud,
Dead.
So they say;
And they pray
Round my bed.
And they weep and wail aloud,
For they little think that I,
All stiffened as I lie,

Henry Lynden Flash.

Have a power and a vision
That I never knew before.
Though my limbs are cold and rigid,
And my heart will beat no more,
Yet my spirit sees a demon
That it never saw before.
Do you see that woman sitting
Near my bed,
Watching through the night
By the dead?
The taper's misty light
Shows a forehead broad and fair
Partly shadowed by the darkness
Of her cloudy mass of hair.
She looks pure, and sweet, and holy,
As the moon up in the sky,
But her heart is cold as marble,
And her looks are all a lie;
And this woman that I worshiped
Is an animated lie.

I died but yesternight!
But my spirit in its flight
Has seen the varied wonders
Of the sky and of the air.
It has been among the stars,
In Venus and in Mars,
And has seen the angels fair
That are singing in their light;
But the woman that I cherished,
By whose treachery I perished,

Henry Lynden Flash.

With the fairest of their numbers
 Could compare.
O! 'tis well the dead are palsied;
 Else my heart,
 Inflated with the flood
 Of my injured body's blood,
 Would break apart.
For she twined her arms around me,
 And she pressed her lips to mine,
And she wished that I should pledge her
 In a golden cup of wine;
And she placed a deadly poison
 In this very cup of wine.

Space only remains to give one
of Mr. Flash's poems of recent
years:

MEMORIES OF BLUE AND GRAY.

(This was read at the second anniversary of the Confederate Veterans' Association at Los Angeles, September 25, 1897.)

We are gathered here, a feeble few
 Of those who wore the gray;
The larger and the better part
 Have mingled with the clay.
Yet not so lost but now and then
 Through dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
 The lion-front of Lee.

Henry Lynden Flash.

The men who followed where they led
Are scattered far and wide—
In every valley of the South,
On every mountain side.
The earth is hallowed by the blood
Of those who, in the van,
Gave up their lives for what they deemed
The sacred rights of man.

And you who faced the boys in blue
(When like a storm they rose),
And played with life and laughed at
death
Among such stalwart foes,
Need never cast your eyes to earth;
Though fortune frown, your names are
down
Upon the roll of fame.

The flag you followed in the fight
Will never float again.
Thank God, it sunk to endless rest
Without a blot or stain.
And in its place "old glory" rose
With all his stars restored;
And smiling Peace with rapture raised
A psalm to the Lord.

We love both flags; let smiles and tears
Together hold their sway.
One won our hearts in days ago;
One owns our love to-day.

Henry Lynden Flash.

We claim them both, with all their
wealth

Of honor and of fame;

One lives triumphant in the sun,

And one, a hallowed name.

A few short years, and "Yank" and
"Reb,"

Beneath their native sod,

Will wait until the judgment day

The calling voice of God.

The Great Commander's smile will
beam

On that enrollment day

Alike on him who wore the blue

And him who wore the gray.

Other Writers of Verse.

IN the limited space at the author's command little more than mention can be made of several writers who published one or more volumes of poems which had more than local celebrity. Mention has been made elsewhere of Augustus Julian Requier, a lawyer of Mobile, Ala., who was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1825, and died in New York in 1887. His "Ashes of Glory," was written in response to Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner." Judge Requier wrote several volumes in both dramatic and lyric verse. Outside of his war poems, "Ode to Shakespeare" is perhaps the most spirited as well as the best known.

Alabama borrowed another poet-lawyer from South Carolina in the person of Judge Alexander B.

Other Writers of Verse.

Meek, who was born at Columbia, S. C., in 1814; practiced law in Tuscaloosa, Ala.; and died in 1865, having in the meantime published several works, poetical and historical. His published poetical works were "Red Eagle" and "Songs and Poems of the South." Judge Meek left a history of his adopted State unfinished, but his "Romantic Passages in Southwestern History" is of more than passing value. The anthologies contain war poems showing his devotion to the South. "Balaklava," on the same theme as Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," is perhaps his most spirited poem. Judge Meek was orator, editor, historian, and author of the public school system of Alabama.

No account of Southern poets would be complete without the name of Gen. Albert Pike, who, though born in Boston, resided in Arkansas from early manhood,

Other Writers of Verse.

where he wrote "Hymns to the Gods," poems adjudged worthy to be reprinted in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He served in the Mexican war, and was brigadier general in the Confederate army. At one time he was editor of the *Memphis Appeal*. Gen. Pike was a lawyer by profession, but in his later years went to Washington and devoted himself to literature and freemasonry. The mocking bird has been a favorite with the poets. Judge Meek, Harry Flash, Rodman Drake, Richard Henry Wilde, Longfellow, and many others have given that poet-bird more than a passing line, but hardly any one has hymned the songster so eloquently as Pike. "Every Year" is without doubt his best poem :

The spring has less of brightness
 Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
 Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,

Other Writers of Verse.

Nor the autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resign me
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

Other Writers of Verse.

To the past go more dead faces,
 Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
 Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
 Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
 Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
 Every year;
"You can win no new affection;
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
 Every year."

Yes, the shores of life are shifting,
 Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
 Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
 Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
 Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
 Every year;

Other Writers of Verse.

Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

Abram Joseph Ryan, the poet-priest, has already found a place in these pages. But he wrote beautiful poetry other than that pertaining to the war. Father Ryan was born at Norfolk, Va., about 1834; and, after living in various Southern cities, died at Louisville, Ky., in 1886. His poems in a single volume are easy of access, hence the writer does not give selections.

At an early date another gifted with the vision of poesy passed away at Louisville. George Denison Prentice was not only a poet, but through the *Louisville Journal* (now the *Courier-Journal*), of which he was the founder, he did more to foster literature in the South than was accomplished by any other newspaper editor. The roll call from Kentucky in his time would

Other Writers of Verse.

reveal such names among the verse writers as Theodore O'Hara, John E. Hatcher, Will Wallace Harney, Mrs. Warfield, Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffreys Johnson, Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Mrs. Piatt, and many others. Mrs. Welby's "Rainbow" is one of the most beautiful poems produced in the West.

Coming down to the border State, Mrs. Anna Chambers Ketchum and Mrs. L. Virginia French, of Tennessee, belong to the same group. Mrs. Ketchum, formerly of Memphis, is the author of two volumes of poems and several novels.

Mrs. L. Virginia French (*née* Smith) was born in Virginia, educated in Pennsylvania, and married in Tennessee, living at McMinnville. She died in 1881. "Wind Whispers," a volume of poems published in 1856, represents her best work before the war. Perhaps "The Palmetto and the Pine" is her best known and strongest poem, yet

Other Writers of Verse.

"Buried To-Day" is full of pathos.
"The Beautiful South" is fairly typical of her best verse.

"Knowest thou the land" where the
summer is queen,
And her regal profusion enriches the
scene
Till earth is enrobed in her emerald
dyes,
And royal emblazonry glows on the
skies;
Where the signet of loveliness ever has
shone,
And the spirit of beauty established
her throne?
Hast heard of a clime where the care-
haunted bosom
Is soothed by the spells of the balm-
breathing blossom,
Where the free spirit mirrors the height
of the mountain
The depth of the forest, the sheen of
the fountain,
And loses its shadows of grief and of
gloom
In tropical valleys all riant with bloom?

Hast sought, over sunny savannas, the
wood,

Other Writers of Verse.

**With its arches Titanic and still soli-
tude
Where zephyrs are curling the emerald
billows
Of slow-swaying foliage, and under the
willows
The fawn nestles down mid the feathery
fern,
And the wild lily holds up her delicate
urn?**

**Hast joined in the melody sweeping
along
With a waving of plumage, a gushing of
song;
Where the bobolink warbles, the ori-
ole sings,
And the mocking bird's madrigal glee-
fully rings;
Where the stately magnolia the wood-
land perfumes,
And the parroquet flutters his rich-tint-
ed plumes?
Hast looked on the hillside the south
wind has kissed,
When its bold breath has lifted its veil-
ing of mist;
Or soft-shadowed vistas lit up by the
gleams
Of glittering sunshine and far-flashing
streams;**

Other Writers of Verse.

Where the' sweet waters melt on the
coralline shore,
Like the murmurs of love from the lips
we adore?
Dost dream of an Eden whose bright-
flowing waters
Find rivals as graceful and pure in its
daughters;
Of a lip's living coral, a cheek where the
rose
Sheds its soft, dimpled freshness and
dewy repose;
Of an eye oriental, where witchery
sleeps
Enshrined in its kindling and passion-
ate deeps?
Canst tell of her sons, ever chainless and
free
As their proud rivers seeking the blue-
rolling sea,
By frost never fettered, whose spirits of
fire
Flash forth the quick impulse of love or
of ire;
As noble, as knightly, as brave as in
years
Long past were their fathers, the bold
Cavaliers?
O, swift as a bird to its bowery nest,
My young spirit flies from a world of
unrest

Other Writers of Verse.

To the sheltering hearts all aglow, like
the prime
Of summer abroad in our glorious
clime;
And with pride we'll proclaim it wher-
ever we roam:
"I too am a Southron—the South is
my home."

Other volumes, prose as well as
verse, came from the pen of this
gifted woman at various times,
while her newspaper and magazine
sketches have been innumerable.

Names crowd apace, but no men-
tion can be made of hundreds who
sought with more or less success to
mount the winged steed. Judge
Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia,
must at least be called by name.
He has idealized "The Red Hills of
Georgia," whose seams and gashes
made by poor husbandry Lanier
so deplored at a later date. His vol-
ume, "Tallulah and Other Poems,"
was published in 1850. More that
is local attaches to his poems than

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to those of his contemporaries. "My Wife and Child," written during the Mexican war, went the rounds again during the civil war, being attributed by ardent admirers to "Stonewall Jackson." Lawyer, legislator, judge, editor, United States Minister to Austria, colonel in the Mexican war, general in the late war, nevertheless some of Judge Jackson's poems are touching and tender.

Who has not heard that plaintive, sweet, and deeply religious song, "Passing under the Rod?" It was born of sickness, repeated bereavement, and resignation, and was written by a daughter of South Carolina. Mary Stanly Bunce Palmer was born at Beaufort, S. C., in 1810. She was mainly educated at the schools of the Misses Ramsays, in Charleston, attending, however, schools in the North at a later period. In 1835 she was married to Mr. Dana, and went first to New

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York and later to the West, where an epidemic slew both her husband and her only child in the short space of two weeks. Her sorrow voiced itself in song, and the "Southern Harp," published in 1841, was the result. The "Northern Harp" followed. In 1848 she became Mrs. Shindler, having in the meantime published other volumes. The following verses will sound strangely familiar to older readers :

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,

When I am gone, when I am gone;
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,

When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,

Think who has died his beloved to save,
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,

When I am gone, when I am gone;

Other Writers of Verse.

Sing ye a song if my grave you should
see,

When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's
day,

Come when the sun sheds its last linger-
ing ray,

Come, and rejoice that I thus passed
away,

When I am gone, I am gone.

To return for a brief moment to Kentucky, perhaps it may be justly said that three of the high-water mark poems of the South were produced on the soil of that State. Even a casual reader would place in the list O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead" and Prentice's "Closing Year," but there are others who think no stronger short poem has been produced in the Southland than Will Wallace Harney's "Stab:"

On the road, the lonely road,

Under the cold white moon,

Under the ragged trees he strode;

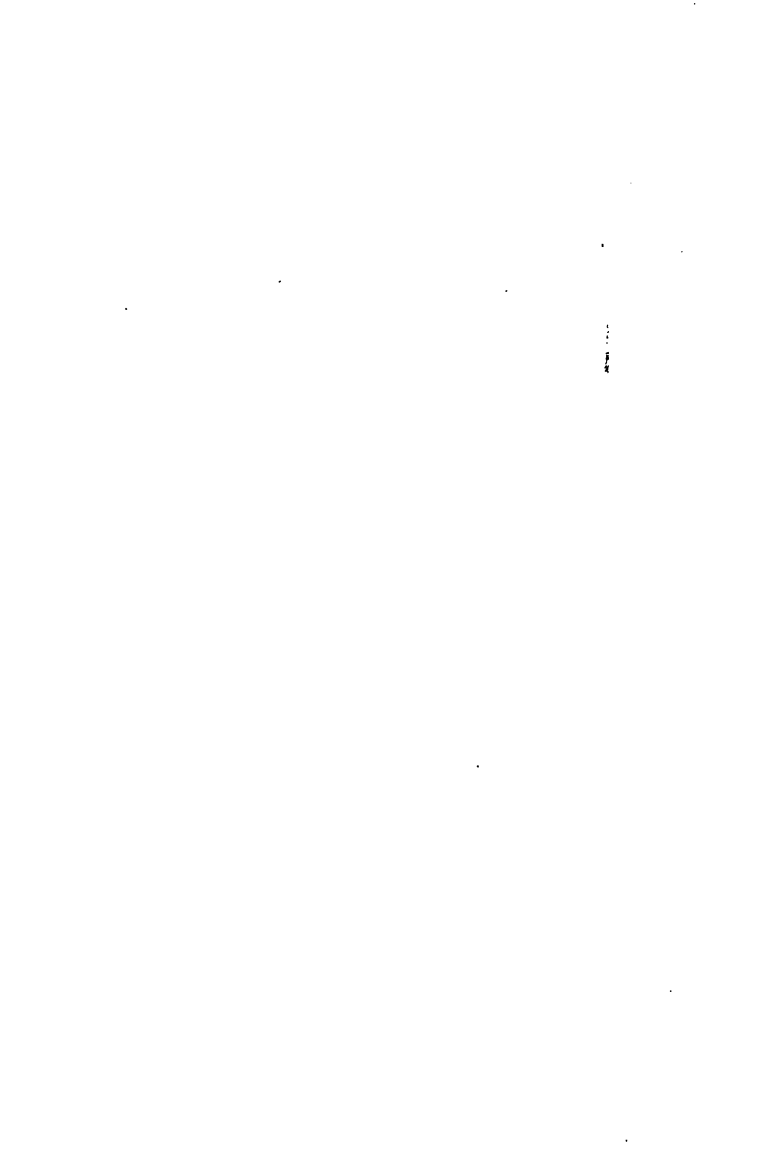
He whistled and shifted his weary load,

Whistled a foolish tune.

Other Writers of Verse.

There was a step timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold, white blade that gleamed and
shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward
thrown—
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and
good,
The barn fowl woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy
mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in
the wood
That a dead man lay on the road.



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PHILOSOPHERS have not agreed upon a definition for that intangible something called humor. It evades all description. The burdens of life are lightened by its presence. Unlike wit, it never carries a sting, but comes like a sunburst of song, arousing lagging courage to renewed effort, and bringing the genial warmth of hope and gladness to minds benumbed by the chill influences of hardship and disappointment. Hazlitt says: "Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. . . . To explain the nature of laughter and tears is to account for the condition of human life, for it is in a manner compound-

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ed of these two. It is a tragedy or a comedy—sad or merry, as it happens.”

I shall conclude this imperfect and desultory sketch of wit and humor with Barrow's celebrated description of the same subject. He says: "But first it may be demanded what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import; to which question I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, 'Tis that which we all see and know;' and one better apprehends what is meant by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is, indeed, a thing so versatile and multi-form, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notice thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus or to define the figure of fleeting air."

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C. C. Everett thus sets forth the source of humor: "Among those great elements of human nature which have shown themselves to be rooted in the deep, unconscious life of man must be placed the source of the ludicrous. Plenty, unless gorged to dyspepsia—and even then it becomes ludicrous—is the very father of fun. Whether plenty has the ribless side or the thin anatomy, laughter lives in its company. Does not a man 'well to do' feel good? Is he not more genial? Can he not laugh more heartily, invent merrier thoughts? And will he not, if unconstrained by a tyrannic government, let out more of the native peculiarities of his disposition? There is but one exception to the rule, and that is the Irish. Rich or poor, full or pinched, they must have their jollity."

S. S. Cox, in "Why We Laugh," thus puts the case: "But we have in America specific objects of hu-

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mor—the scheming Yankee, the big, bragging brave Kentuckian, and the first-family Virginian. We have lawyers on the circuit, as in the “Georgia Scenes;” loafers on a spree, as in Neal’s “Charcoal Sketches;” politicians in caucus; legislators in session; travelers on cars and steamers—indeed, the history of every American’s life is humorous, moving as he does from place to place, and even when he sits down as restless as the stick which a traveler saw out West that was so crooked it would not be still.”

In his “Oddities of Southern Life,” after speaking of English, Scotch, and French wit and humor, Col. Watterson gives us the following: “In the United States, particularly in the Southern States, such quiddities are early heard; the wit is coarser, whilst, as a rule, the humor turns upon character and incident. We body forth a person-

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age out of the odds and ends of comic thought and memory, the heel-taps of current observance; we clothe this image appropriately, and then we put it through a series of amusing adventures. Thus it is that our humor is anecdotal, producing such figures as Sut Luvingood; Bill Arp; Maj. Joseph Jones, of Pinesville, Ga.; the Rev. Hezekiah Bradley, who discoursed upon the 'Harp of a Thousand Strings;' and last, but not least, Capt. Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa volunteers. They flourished years ago, in the good old time of muster days and quarter racing, before the camp meeting and the barbecue had lost their power and their charm; when men led simple, homely lives, doing their love-making and their law-making as they did their fighting and their plowing, in a straight furrow."

The late Dr. Baskervill follows in the same vein: "The middle

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Georgians are a simple, healthy, homogeneous folk, resembling for the most part other Southerners of like rank and calling in their manners, customs, and general way of living. But they have developed a certain manly, vigorous, fearless independence of thought and action, and an ever-increasing propensity to take a humorous view of life. In their earlier writings it is a homely wit, in which broad humor and loud laughter predominate, but tears are lurking in the corners of the eyes, and genuine sentiment nestles in the heart. In more recent times the horizon has widened, and there has been a gain in both breadth of view and depth of insight. Genius and art have combined to make this classic soil."

Augustus B. Longstreet.

JUDGE LONGSTREET easily stands first among those who may be characterized as the humorists of the *ante bellum* days. Like most others of that period, literature with him was a pastime and not a pursuit. In fact, he never took himself seriously in this field, and in his later years forbore to take any interest in what he had done as being too frivolous to comport with his more serious views as to the true purposes of life. A lawyer, judge, Methodist minister, and college President in turn, yet his "Georgia Scenes" will outlive all else which he planned and executed. These descriptions may be coarse as portraying rude times, but nevertheless they are accepted as smacking of the soil and giving

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a true picture of a society enlivened by rare and original characters, such as are seldom found in older communities, where society has become crystallized.

Augustus Baldwin Longstreet was born in Edgefield District, S. C., September 22, 1790. He was carried to Georgia quite early, and became as one of the stalwart sons of his adopted commonwealth. The "old field master" seems not to have understood the boy, nor did the youth whom the master characterized as a "dunce" acquire much except a knowledge of some such scenes and characters as he portrays in after years. With brighter auspices the boy became happier, having, as he says, an ambition "to outrun, outjump, outshout, throw down any man in the district."

In his delightful life sketch of Judge Longstreet Bishop Fitzgerald says: "This ingenuous confes-

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sion throws a flash of illumination over those times, about the beginning of the present century, when martial fame was the passport to popular favor, and virile strength and pluck made a hero of a country bully or a crack shot in a squirrel hunt or the winner in a wrestling match."

After two years thus spent in South Carolina, to which his father had carried the lad temporarily, he returned to the hated school, the Richmond Academy, with the same unfortunate result. A little later, first chance, then choice, threw him into the companionship of a young man who read and appreciated good books. By slow degrees at first, their tastes were finally assimilated, and young Longstreet became imbued with a love for good books. What a world of delights were thus thrown open to him in ever-widening vistas! What possibilities lie out before the boy who loves to

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read! After two years at Richmond Academy Longstreet was sent to the celebrated school of Dr. Moses Waddell, of South Carolina. The things which had been distasteful became rather his delight. Three years in this school fitted him for Yale, where he entered the Junior class in 1811, graduating in two years. His own testimony is that he was happy and loved all the professors, which speaks volumes for his deportment and study. From Yale he entered law school in Litchfield, Conn., where, among other influences, he sat under the ministry of Lyman Beecher. In due course of time he returned to Georgia and was admitted to the bar, and, like most lawyers of that day, took a fling at politics as well. He began that course of observation, experience, and travel around judicial circuits and general acquaintance with those racy characters which laid the foundation for

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"Georgia Scenes." His fame for oratory soon filled the State, at a time when Georgia had many sons gifted in that glowing field. Every gifted man of that day of musters must have a military title—must start as captain and reach the honor of colonel, at least. Longstreet became captain, but was never a militia colonel. The higher title of general was to be won by a kinsman on many a bloody field. Judge Longstreet was a zealous, successful attorney, and when placed upon the judicial bench in 1822 brought to his new duties learning, industry, and honesty, and was an honor to the ermine. Later he returned of choice to the practice of law, and to its duties added that of editor of the *Augusta Sentinel*, of which he became the founder. During 1838 he became a Methodist minister, and was stationed at Augusta, remaining at his post during a terrible visitation of yellow fever. The

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following year he was elected President of Emory College, at which place he remained nine years. For the following six years he was President of the University of Mississippi, which position he resigned to devote himself to agricultural pursuits. In 1857 he was elected President of South Carolina College, located at Columbia, where he remained until just before the civil war, when he returned to the presidency of the University of Mississippi. After the war he returned to Oxford, Ga., and devoted himself to books, largely to a study of the Bible, with a view to the further elucidation of that Book. He died July 10, 1870, his faithful wife having passed away a little earlier.

As a member of the General Conference of 1844, Judge Longstreet took a decided part in the debates which produced the division. He was always a believer in State rights, and a zealous defender of

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his own section. It was said he could never be scared up without a speech, and was equally ready to respond to a serenade, preach a funeral sermon, or deliver a commencement address. The *Methodist Quarterly*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, the *Southern Field and Fireside*, as well as many other periodicals, were enriched by his contributions. Among such contributions were "Letters to Clergymen of the Northern Methodist Church," "Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts," and articles upon many other topics. In 1864 he published a novel, "Master William Mitten." As intimated at the outset, by far his best work is a series of newspaper articles called "Georgia Scenes," "Characters," "Incidents in the First Half Century of the Republic by a Native Georgian." The humor is broad, but the fun is irresistible. "Georgia Scenes" will doubtless remain

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at the head of the list of works of that kind produced in the South before the war. Hardly need the word "South" be used, since this is practically the pioneer work in the direction taken later by such as Bret Hart, Mark Twain, and many others who have given America a reputation for the humorous representation of characters incident to certain localities and certain stages of civilization. In fact Mr. Clemens himself, though credited to the West and North, is a Southerner in every true sense of the word—in birth, inspiration, and a certain apt sense of the ludicrous found in the south. The Southerner in his days of leisure found time to take in and, on occasion, reproduce all the comicalities of the situation. Not only that, but Mr. Clemens has done some of his best work when he came south for his material.

Mr. Longstreet began what another "native Georgian" took up

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with, if possible, a gentler and more loving touch, and put forth with a higher refinement of art—of course reference is made to Richard Malcolm Johnston. "Georgia Scenes" was first issued in book form in 1840, and again in 1867. In the meantime the distinguished preacher and dignified college president had adjudged this work of his earlier years unworthy, and not only refused to revise but had endeavored to procure and destroy the copies already extant. Notwithstanding, an edition has been issued in recent years, while every extended treatise on American literature embraces one or more selections from the work thus discredited by its author.

The barbecue is said to be a Southern institution; the same was originally true of the camp meeting. "Stump speaking" by rival candidates, or the representatives of these candidates, has flourished

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in the South, perhaps, more than in any other part of the world. The "muster" was the occasion of immense crowds and much drinking, "fist and skull" fighting, "horse swapping," and public speaking. Likewise the circuit and county courts drew great crowds in which similar pastimes were rife, while the widespread custom of "swopping work" by neighbors gave rise to "corn-shuckings," "log-rollings," "house-raisings," "wheat-threshings," and similar workings with some of which was associated the quilting party, with its bevy of girls. At all of these athletics were much in evidence, and coarse badinage with riotous jokes abounding in strokes of real humor, were the order of the day or night. This free and easy rollicking life of the earlier days, with its grotesque characters, broad hilarity, and freedom from restraint and care is reproduced in these sketches by Judge

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Longstreet as nowhere else. The work is more than historical, since the people live again as it were before our eyes. We do not read of, but see the gander-pulling, the fight, the "horse swap," or the dance. Perhaps Johnston could never have so faithfully portrayed the "Georgia Crackers" had he not taken up his abode in Baltimore, and hence been impressed by the contrasts. Judge Longstreet spent part of his boyhood in the districts of South Carolina, where society was more conventional. Likewise his stay in the East brought to him more forcibly the fact that in the newer settlements of Georgia he was witness to facts and conditions highly unique and destined to prove transient. The desire to write no philosophy can explain, but, having that desire, he became *par excellence* the historian of a period which would otherwise to a large extent have been forgotten. Of the work

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he writes in the preface to the first edition: "They consist of nothing more than fanciful combinations of real incidents and characters; and throwing into those scenes, which would be otherwise dull and insipid, some personal incident or adventure of my own, real or imaginary, as it would best suit my purpose; usually real, but happening at different times and under different circumstances from those in which they are here represented. I have not always, however, taken this liberty. Some of the scenes are as literally true as the frailties of memory would allow them to be." The table of contents enumerates eighteen of these sketches, but the "Lincoln County Rehearsal," so often copied into other books, introduces the work without being included in the index. This tells how the author, in passing through a lonely district, heard sounds as if of deadly conflict, and turned aside only to

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find a plowboy impersonating all the characters of a courthouse fight. Following this is "The Dance," a truly characteristic affair; then comes "The Horse Swap," in which each jockey gets the best of the other, to the great amusement of the bystanders—one horse having a sore of unusual dimensions hidden by the saddle, and the other being both blind and, as the boy expresses it, "deef."

Judge Longstreet's sketches are designated as humorous, but the humor grows rather out of the situation and characters than of an obvious purpose on the author's part to portray these in a humorous manner, yet the effect is such that no doubt Ned Brace voices the Judge's feelings in later years when, after devoting his life to making "game" of folks, he utters his convictions: "Humor has been my besetting sin from my youth up. It has sunk me far below the station

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to which my native gifts entitled me. It has robbed me of the respect of all my acquaintances, and, what is much more to be regretted, the esteem of some of my best and most indulgent friends. All this I have long known; and I have a thousand times deplored, and as often resolved to conquer, my self-destroying propensity. But so deeply is it wrought into my very nature, so completely and indissolubly interwoven is it with every fiber and filament of my being, that I have found it impossible for me to subdue it." In sooth, Ned Brace, "a native Georgian," is a *rara avis*. "The Fights" between the bullies of the upper and the lower battalions was a necessary part of every well-regulated muster. In this the busy-body, Ransy Sniffle, is broadly but truly sketched. The old field school would not have been complete without "The Turnout," in which the teacher was to be made to "treat."

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"The Charming Creature as a Wife" is truly pathetic as a history of mismating, while the "Gander-Pulling," "The Ball," "The Debating Society," "The Military Drill," "The Turf," "The Fox Hunt," "The Shooting Match," and other narrations are all that their names imply. Every one interested in the true relation of backwoods scenes will read the entire series of sketches. However, many of the best are found in "Judge Longstreet: A Life Sketch," by Bishop Fitzgerald.

Joseph G. Baldwin.

No man will get all out of life there is for him until he has read "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." As if to facilitate such intent, the book has recently been republished. The evident intention of the author was to manufacture fun, but he faithfully portrays a passing phase of life as well. In traveling around the judicial circuits and staying together at village taverns and even country houses lawyers learned to tell anecdotes and narrate racy incidents with rare skill—in fact, such veritable narratives were part of an attorney's or politician's stock in trade. Moreover, what was raciest became widely diffused, and men were put on their mettle to outdo each other in "telling yarns," many of which were enlargements upon

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actual occurrences. Little thought of turning such material into literature entered the minds of most of those who between lawsuits regaled their fellows with these veracious narratives. An exception to this was found in the case of Judge Joseph G. Baldwin, who was born in Southern Alabama in 1811, and died at San Francisco, Cal., 1864. This is the account given by Appleton, though Miss Manly credits his birthplace to Virginia, which is probably correct. He was eminent as a jurist and author while in Alabama, but became a judge of the Supreme Court of California in 1857, and held the office until 1863, when he became Chief Justice of California, which position he held for one year.

His published works were "Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi," 1853; "Party Leaders," 1854; and a volume of "Humorous Legal Sketches," published at San Fran-

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cisco in 1879. His "Party Leaders" are papers on Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Clay, and John Randolph. The "Flush Times" in part was first contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

In those flush times, when credit was princely, and debts were paid by making new promises, the reign of such characters as Ovid Bolus, Esq. was supreme. Baldwin's description deserves reproduction :

"And what history of that halcyon period ranging from the year of grace 1835 to 1877—that golden era when shinplasters were the sole currency, when bank bills were 'as thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa,' and credit was a franchise—what history of those times would be complete that left out the name of Ovid Bolus? As well write the biography of Prince Hal and forbear all mention of Falstaff. In law phrase the thing would be a 'deed without a name,' and void,

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a most unpardonable *casus omis-*
sus. I cannot trace, for reasons the
sequel suggests, the early history,
much less the birthplace, pedigree,
and juvenile associations of this
worthy. Whence he or his for-
bears got his name or how, I don't
know; but for the fact that it is to
be inferred he got it in infancy, I
should have thought he borrowed
it; he borrowed everything else he
ever had, such things as he got un-
der the credit system only excepted.
In deference, however, to the ax-
iom that there is some exception to
all general rules, I am willing to be-
lieve that he got this much honest-
ly, by *bona fide* gift or inheritance,
and without false pretense. I have
had a hard time of it in endeavor-
ing to assign to Bolus his leading
vice. I have given up the task in
despair; but I have essayed to des-
ignate that one which gave him, in
the end, most celebrity. I am aware
that it is invidious to make com-

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parisons, and to give preëminence to one over other rival qualities and gifts, where all have high claims to distinction; but then the stern justice of criticism in this case requires a discrimination which, to be intelligible and definite, must be relative and comparative. I therefore take the responsibility of saying, after due reflection, that in my opinion Bolus's reputation stood higher for lying than for anything else, and in thus assigning preëminence to this poetic property I do it without any desire to derogate from other brilliant characteristics belonging to the same general category which have drawn the wondering notice of the world.

"Some men are liars from interest; not because they have no regard for truth, but because they have less regard for it than for gain. Some are liars from vanity, because they would rather be well thought of by others than have reason for think-

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ing well of themselves. Some are liars from a sort of necessity which overbears, by the weight of temptation, the sense of virtue. Some are enticed away by the allurements of pleasure or seduced by evil example and education. Bolus was none of these: he belong to a higher department of the fine arts, and to a higher class of professors of this sort of belles-lettres. Bolus was a natural liar, just as some horses are natural pacers and some dogs natural setters. What he did in that walk was from the irresistible promptings of instinct and a disinterested love of art. His genius and his performances were free from the vulgar alloy of interest or temptation. Accordingly, he did not labor a lie: he lied with a relish; he lied with a coming appetite, growing with what it fed on; he lied from the delight of invention and the charm of fictitious narrative. It is true he applied his art to the prac-

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tical purposes of life, but in so far did he glory the more in it, just as an ingenious machinist rejoices that his invention, while it has honored science, has also supplied a common want. Bolus's lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind. His genius for lying was encyclopedical: it was what German criticism calls many-sided. It embraced all subjects without distinction or partiality. It was equally good upon all, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' The truth was too small for him. Fact was too dry and commonplace for the fervor of his genius. Besides, great was his memory—for he even remembered the outlines of his chief lies—his invention was still larger. He had a great contempt for history and historians. He thought them tame and timid cobblers, mere tinkers on other people's wares—simple parrots and magpies of other men's

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sayings or doings; borrowers of and acknowledged debtors for others' chattels, got without skill; they had no separate estate in their ideas. They were bailies of goods, which they did not pretend to hold by adverse title; buriers of talents in napkins, making no usury; barren and unprofitable nonproducers in the intellectual vineyard — *nati consumere fruges*. He adopted a fact occasionally to start with; but, like a Sheffield razor and the crude ore, the workmanship, polish, and value were all his own. A Thibet shawl could as well be credited to the insensate goat that grew the wool as the author of a fact Bolus honored with his artistical skill could claim to be the inventor of the story. His experiments upon credulity, like charity, began at home. He had long torn down the partition wall between his imagination and his memory. He had long ceased to distinguish between the impressions

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made upon his mind by what came from it and what came to it. All ideas were facts to him. . . . Bolus's manner was, like every truly great man's, his own. It was excellent. He did not come blushing up to a lie, as some otherwise very passable liars do, as if he were making a mean compromise between his guilty passion or morbid vanity, and a struggling conscience. Bolus had long since settled all disputes with his conscience. He and it were on very good terms—at least, if there was no affection between the couple, there was no fuss in the family, or if there were any scenes or angry passages they were reserved for strict privacy, and never got out. My own opinion is that he was as destitute of the article as an ostrich. Thus he came to his work bravely, cheerfully, and composedly. The delights of composition, invention, and narration did not fluster his style or agitate his

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delivery. He knew how, in the tumult of passion, to assume the 'temperance to give it smoothness.' A lie never ran away with him, as it is apt to do with young performers. He could always manage and guide it; and to have seen him fairly mounted would have given you some idea of the polished elegance of D'Orsay and the superb menage of Murat."

Judge Baldwin's descriptions are often much to the point, as witness:

"The Major was a gentleman of about fifty-five, of ruddy complexion, which he had got out of a jug he kept under his bed of cold nights, without acknowledging his obligations for the loan; about five feet eight inches high and nearly that much broad. Nature or accident had shortened one leg, so that he limped when he walked. His eyes stood out and were streaked like a boy's white alley, and he wore a ruffled shirt—the same, perhaps,

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which he had worn on training days in Georgia, but which did not match very well with a yellow linssey vest, and a pair of copperas-colored jeans pantaloons he had squeezed in the form of a crescent over his protuberant paunch. On the whole, he was a pretty good live parody on an enormous goggle-eyed sun perch."

Since he was a Virginian he could appreciate the feelings of a son of the Old Dominion in exile:

"The disposition to be proud and vain of one's country, and to boast of it, is a natural feeling, indulged or not in respect to the pride, vanity, and boasting, according to the character of the native; but with a Virginian it is a passion. It inheres in him even as the flavor of a York River oyster in that bivalve, and no distance of deportation, and no trimmings of a gracious prosperity, and no pickling in the sharp acids of adversity, can destroy it. It is a

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part of the Virginia character—just as the flavor is a distinctive part of the oyster—‘which cannot, save by annihilating, die.’ It is no use talking about it—the thing may be right or wrong: like Falstaff’s victims at Gadshill, it is past praying for; it is a sort of cocoa grass that has got into the soil, and has so matted over it and so fibered through it as to have become a part of it—at least, there is no telling which is the grass and which is the soil, and certainly it is useless labor to try to root it out. You may destroy the soil, but you cannot root out the grass. Patriotism with a Virginian is a noun personal. It is the Virginian himself and something over. He loves Virginia *per se* and *propter se*; he loves her for herself and for himself—because she is Virginia, and everything else beside. He loves to talk about her: out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. It makes no odds where

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he goes, he carries Virginia with him—not in the entirety always; but the little spot he came from is Virginia, as Swedenborg says the smallest part of the brain is an abridgment of all of it. '*Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*' was made for a Virginian. He never gets acclimated elsewhere; he never loses citizenship to the old home. The right of expatriation is a pure abstraction to him. He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in Virginia. His treasure is there, and his heart also. If he looks at the delta of the Mississippi, it reminds him of James River 'low grounds;' if he sees the vast prairies of Texas, it is a memorial of the meadows of the valley. Richmond is the center of attraction, the depot of all that is grand, great, good, and glorious. 'It is the Kentucky of a place,' which the preacher described heaven to be to the Kentucky congregation."

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Of the state of the country, as a resolution in Congress would say, the following is Baldwin's graphic account :

"The new country seemed to be a reservoir, and every road leading to it a vagrant stream of enterprise and adventure. Money, or what passed for money, was the only cheap thing to be had. Every cross-road and every avocation presented an opening through which a fortune was seen by the adventurer in near perspective. Credit was a thing of course. To refuse it, if the thing was ever done, were an insult for which a Bowie knife was not a too summary or exemplary means of redress. The State banks were issuing their bills by the sheet, like a patent steam printing press its issues, and no other showing was asked of the applicant for the loan than an authentication of his great distress for money. Finance, even in its most exclusive

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quarter, had thus already got, in this wonderful revolution, to work upon the principles of the charity hospital. If an overseer grew tired of supervising a plantation and felt a call to the mercantile life, even if he omitted the compendious method of buying out a merchant wholesale, stock, house, and good will, and laying down at once his bull whip for the yardstick, all he had to do was to go on to New York and present himself in Pearl Street with a letter avouching his citizenship and a clean shirt, and he was regularly given a through ticket to speedy bankruptcy. Under this stimulating process prices rose like smoke. Lots in obscure villages were held at city prices; lands bought at the minimum cost of government were sold at from thirty to forty dollars per acre, and considered dirt cheap at that. In short, the country had got to be a full antetype of California, in all ex-

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cept the gold. Society was wholly unorganized ; there was no restraining public opinion ; the law was well-nigh powerless, and religion scarcely was heard of except as furnishing the oaths and technics of profanity. The world saw a fair experiment of what it would have been if the fiat had never been pronounced which decreed subsistence as the price of labor. Money, got without work, by those unaccustomed to it turned the heads of its possessors, and they spent it with a recklessness like that with which they gained it. The pursuits of industry neglected, riot and coarse debauchery filled up the vacant hours."

Simon Suggs figures with both Judge Baldwin and Mr. Hooper, but it is the son in the case of Judge Baldwin. Suggs, Jr., was a lawyer, and we get a glimpse of his methods :

"The fault of lawyers in prepar-

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ing their cases was too generally a dilatoriness of movement which sometimes deferred until it was too late the creating of the proper impression upon the minds of the jury. This was not the fault of Col. Suggs. He always took time by the forelock. Instead of waiting to create prejudices in the minds of the jury until they were in the box, or deferring until then the arts of persuasion, he waited upon them before they were empaneled, and he always succeeded better at that time, as they had not then received an improper bias from the testimony. In a case of any importance, he always managed to have his friends in the court room, so that when any of the jurors were challenged he might have their places filled by good men and true; and, although this increased his expenses considerably by a large annual bill at the grocery, he never regretted any expense either of time, labor,

Joseph G. Baldwin.

or money necessary to success in his business. Such was his zeal for his clients."

As to how Col. Suggs handled a case, we see by noting a certain instance of his skill:

"The most difficult case Col. Suggs ever had to manage was to extricate a client from jail after sentence of death had been passed upon him. But difficulties, so far from discouraging him, only had the effect of stimulating his energies. He procured the aid of a young physician in the premises, the prisoner was suddenly taken ill, and the physician pronounced the disease smallpox. The wife of the prisoner, with true womanly devotion, attended on him. The prisoner after a few days was reported dead, and the doctor gave out that it would be dangerous to approach the corpse. A coffin was brought into the jail, and the wife was put into it by the physician,

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she being enveloped in her husband's clothes. The coffin was put in a cart and driven off, the husband, habited in the woman's apparel, following after, mourning piteously until, getting out of the village, he disappeared in the thicket, where he found a horse prepared for him. The wife obstinately refused to be buried in the husband's place when she got to the grave, but the mistake was discovered too late for the recapture of the prisoner."

Johnson Jones Hooper.

IN "Oddities in Southern Life and Character," Col. Watterson writes:

"Mr. Hooper was a most genial and entertaining person, and the central figure of a brilliant coterie of writers and speakers. Of these, S. S. Prentiss and George D. Prentice were the most conspicuous, and they always regarded him and spoke of him as their peer. He was not, in public life, so aggressive as they, and therefore he failed to leave so deep a personal impress upon his time. But he had both sense and wit, and was very effective in the party campaigns of the period. His 'History of the Life and Adventures of Capt. Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers,' may be—and, indeed, it is—but a charcoal sketch. Yet in its way it is a

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masterpiece. No one who is at all familiar with the provincial life of the South can fail to recognize the 'points' of this sharp and vulgar, sunny and vernal swashbuckler. . . . It has often been stated that Simon was taken from a real personage by the name of Bird, and the story goes that this individual did on a certain occasion call Mr. Hooper to account for making too free with his lineaments and practices. It may be so; but the likelihood is that the author in this instance followed the example of other writers of fiction, and drew his hero from many scraps and odd ends of individual character to be encountered at the time in the county towns and upon the rural highways of the South. At all events, Simon has survived the ephemeral creations of contemporary humor, and is as fresh and lively to-day as he was five and thirty years ago."

Johnson Jones Hooper.

Mr. Hooper was born in North Carolina in 1815, and grew up in that State. When a young man he moved to Alabama for the purpose of practicing law. Notice how often it has been the fact that those in the South who attempted feats of literature were also disciples of Blackstone. In 1849 Mr. Hooper was elected Solicitor of the Ninth Circuit of Alabama, but at the end of four years was defeated for the same office, when he went to Montgomery and established the *Mail*, which soon became the leading Whig journal of the State. The *Mail*, however, supported Breckinridge in 1860, together with ultra-Southern views. When the Provisional Congress for the Southern States met in Montgomery, in February, 1861, Mr. Hooper was elected Secretary of that body, and continued to hold the office until the organization of the two houses of Congress at Richmond, after the Con-

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federate government was formed under the Constitution, when he was defeated for Secretary of the Senate. He never returned to Alabama, but died at Richmond, in 1863, in the prime of life. The following is taken from Garrett's "Public Men in Alabama:"

"The character of Mr. Hooper was peculiarly marked. He first edited the *Whig*, or some paper of like politics, in East Alabama. His articles giving the experience of a census taker in 1840, when the old women flourished their broomsticks on being interrogated in regard to their poultry, dairies, and 'garden truck' were so humorous and natural that they were copied into nearly all the papers of the South, and afforded general amusement. Then followed 'Simon Suggs,' which was a delineation of a character, bad enough, no doubt, in the original, but highly embellished and aggravated in the romance, with scenes,

Johnson Jones Hooper.

occurrences, sentiments, and other details of a cunning, unprincipled man, whose art, in the perpetration of fraud, was greatly assisted by the cant and hypocrisy of a pretended piety and Church membership. This work was published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and the volume had a very extensive circulation. Thousands and tens of thousands of readers have laughed over it and the grotesque situations and characters introduced; but probably not one of them all has had his reverence for virtue increased by the perusal."

While Mr. Hooper gained celebrity as a humorist, he lost something of a higher value in public estimation. His own authority will be here given for the effect:

In December, 1856, a Southern commercial convention was held in Savannah, to which Mr. Hooper and other gentlemen from Alabama were delegates. His arrival was

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announced in the city papers in terms quite complimentary, as the author of "Simon Suggs," that inimitable production so popular throughout the country. When the convention met in the Athenæum, and while the mayor was in the chair waiting for the committee to report officers for permanent organization, Judge John A. Jones, of Georgia, himself a wag and humorist, formally moved, in the presence of the six or eight hundred delegates, that "Simon Suggs" be called upon to give an account of himself for the last two years. The mayor, with great politeness, put the question, and, on its being carried in the affirmative by a unanimous vote, he requested "Mr. Suggs," if present, to comply with the expressed desire of the convention. There sat Mr. Hooper in the pit, wrapped in a green blanket coat, near Albert Pike, of Arkansas, as if overwhelmed by the pressure.

Johnson Jones Hooper.

From the character which his writings inspired, he was supposed by everybody to be always ripe for a frolic and for a roar of merriment, and that he was good at telling stories as in writing his droll descriptions, and thankful for the privilege. He stirred not an inch. More than a thousand persons, in the galleries and elsewhere, were on the tiptoe of expectation at hearing "Simon Suggs" deliver his convulsive jokes. But the feast came not, when the entrance of the committee put an end to the embarrassment of Mr. Hooper. This call by Judge Jones was referred to at the hotel, in the presence of Mr. Hooper, as an evidence of the popularity of the latter, even out of his own State. He replied that a liberty had been taken with his name which was really offensive, as showing that others looked upon him as a mere story-teller, with nothing solid in his composition. He confessed and

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regretted that his writings had established that character in public estimation, and that he felt its depressing influence whenever he desired or aimed to soar above it to a higher rank before the public. His ambition had been to move in quite a different channel, to enjoy the respect of men, but he had unfortunately obtained a reputation which cut off all such hopes. It was an evil day to his fortunes and to his happiness when he embarked in that class of literature, or otherwise became a chronic story-teller for the diversion of his companions. He said it was probably too late to rectify the blunder, and that he must continue to suffer the consequences.

As more than intimated, Mr. Hooper has created, or perhaps discovered, in Capt. Suggs a character that will live at least in tradition, if not in literature. The book is out of print, but the exploits of

Johnson Jones Hooper.

the genial but shrewd and unprincipled Captain are still narrated. Simon's father was a "hard-shell" Baptist preacher, very severe in his family government of son or slave; yet when the old man found his son Simon and the black boy Bill in a game of cards, Bill got the beating, while under plea of disclosing points of the game Simon enticed his father and won from him a certain pony, Bunch, and at the same time obtained his freedom. From that time as a gambler and fraud of the first water his adventurous career began. Often he was flush, but oftener in hard luck. Artemus Ward said of his kangaroo: "He is an 'amoosin' cuss." Suggs was always in a good humor, and won the admiration in a way of those he fleeced. Whether "fighting the tiger" and losing, or posing as a free-handed, easy-going Kentucky gentleman borrowing money and getting large credit, he ever

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beams with sunshine, and is the central figure of every crowd. In one of his protracted seasons of hard luck he goes to a backwoods camp meeting, and the outcome is true to the characteristics of Capt. Suggs, as witness the following account :

“The attention of many having been directed to the Captain by the preacher’s remarks, he was soon surrounded by numerous well-meaning and doubtless very pious persons, each one of whom seemed bent on the application of his own particular recipe for the salvation of souls. For a long time the Captain stood silent, or answered the incessant stream of exhortation only with a sneer, but at length his countenance began to give token of inward emotion. First, his eyelids twitched ; then his upper lip quivered ; next a transparent drop formed on one of his eyelashes, and a similar one on the tip of his nose ; and at last a sudden bursting of air

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from nose and mouth told that Capt. Suggs was overpowered by his emotion. At the moment of the explosion he made a feint as if to rush from the crowd; but he was in experienced hands, who well knew that the battle was more than half won. 'Hold to him,' said one. 'It's a workin' in him as strong as a Dick horse.' 'Pour it into him,' said another; 'it'll all come right directly.' 'That's the way I love to see 'em do,' observed a third; 'when you begin to draw the water from their eyes 'tain't gwine to be long afore you'll have 'em on their knees.' And so they clung to the Captain manfully, and half dragged, half led him to the mourner's bench, by which he threw himself down, altogether unmanned and bathed in tears. Great was the rejoicing of the brethren as they sang, shouted, and prayed around him, for by this time it had come to be generally known that the 'convict-

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ed' old man was Capt. Simon Suggs, the very 'chief of sinners' in all that region. The Captain remained groveling in the dust during the usual time, and gave vent to even more than the requisite number of sobs and groans and heart-piercing cries. At length, when the proper time had arrived, he bounced up, and with a face radiant with joy commenced a series of vaultings and tumblings which 'laid in the shade' all previous performances of the sort at that camp meeting. The brethren were in ecstasies at this demonstrative evidence of completion of the work; and whenever Suggs shouted 'Glorree!' at the top of his lungs, every one of them shouted it back, until the woods rang with echoes. The effervescent having partially subsided, Suggs was put upon his pins to relate his experience, which he did somewhat in this style, first brushing the tear drops from his

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eyes, and giving the end of his nose a preparatory wring with his fingers to free it of the superabundant moisture :

“ ‘Friends,’ he said, ‘it don’t take long to curry a short horse,’ accordin’ to the old sayin’, and I’ll give you the perticklers of the way I was “brought to a knowledge” ’—here the Captain wiped his eyes, brushed the tip of his nose, and snuffled a little—‘in less ’n no time. [“Praise the Lord!” ejaculated a bystander.] You see I come here full o’ romancin’ and devilment, and jist to make game of all the purceedin’s. Well, sure enough, I done so for some time, and was a thinkin’ how I should play some trick— [“Dear soul alive, don’t he talk sweet?” cried an old lady in black silk. “Whar’s John Dobbs? You Sukey!” screaming at a negro woman on the other side of the square, “ef you don’t hunt up your Mas’ John in a minute, and

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have him here to listen to his 'sperience, I'll tuck you up when I git home and give you a hundred and fifty lashes, madam—see ef I don't! Blessed Lord!" referring again to the Captain's relation, "ain't it a precious 'scourse?"] I was jist a-thinkin' how I should play some trick to turn it all into redecule when they begun to come round me and talk. 'Long at fust I didn't mind it, but arter a little that brother [pointing to the reverend gentleman who had so successfully carried the unbeliever through the Old and New Testaments, and who, Simon was convinced, was the "big dog of the tanyard"] that brother spoke a word that struck me clean to the heart and run all over me, like fire in dry grass. ["I—I—I can bring 'em!" cried the preacher aluded to, in a tone of exultation. "Lord, thou knows ef thy servant can't stir 'em up nobody else need not try; but the glory ain't mine.

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I'm a poor wurrum of the dust," he added with ill-managed affectation.] And so from that I felt somethin' a-pullin' me inside. ["Grace! grace! nothin' but grace!" exclaimed one, meaning that "grace" had been operating in the Captain's gastric region.] And then,' continued Suggs, 'I wanted to git off, but they hilt me, and bimeby I felt so missuble I had to go yonder [pointing to the mourner's seat], 'and when I lay down thar it got wuss and wuss, and 'peared like somethin' was a mashin' down on my back. ["That was his load o' sin," said one of the brethren. "Never mind; it'll tumble off presently; see ef it don't."]' And he shook his head professionally and knowingly."

According to the Captain's account of the affair, it did tumble off. He was the lion of the day—could pray longer and sing louder than the oldest saint. Finally he wishes

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to turn missionary. The following is the account of the "collection" for that purpose :

"Yes, breethring," said the Captain, rising to his feet, "I want to start a little 'sociation close to me, and I want you all to help. I'm mighty poor myself, as poor as any of you. Don't leave, breethring" [observing that several of the well to do were about to go off], "don't leave; ef you ain't able to afford anything, jist give us your blessin', an' it'll be all the same." This insinuation did the business, and the sensitive individuals reseated themselves. "It's mighty little of this world's goods I've got," resumed Suggs, pulling off his hat, and holding it before him, "but I'll bury that in the cause, anyhow," and he deposited his last five-dollar bill in the hat. There was a murmur of approbation at the Captain's liberality throughout the assembly. Suggs now commenced collecting,

Johnson Jones Hooper.

and very prudently attacked first the gentlemen who had shown a disposition to escape. These, to exculpate themselves from anything like poverty, contributed handsomely. "Look here, breethring," said the Captain, displaying the bank notes thus received, "Brother Snooks has drapt a five wi' me, and Brother Snodgrass a ten. In course 't ain't expected that you that ain't so well off as them will give as much ; let every one give accordin' to the'r means." This was another chain-shot that raked as it went. "Who so low" as not to be able to contribute as much as Snooks and Snodgrass? "Here's all the small money I've got about me," said a burly old fellow, ostentatiously handing to Suggs, over the heads of a half dozen, a ten dollar bill. "That's what I call magnanimous!" exclaimed the Captain ; "that's the way every rich man ought to do!" These examples

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were followed more or less closely by almost all present, for Simon had excited the pride of purse of the congregation, and a very handsome sum was collected in a very short time. The Rev. Mr. Bugg, as soon as he observed that our hero had obtained all that was to be had at that time, went to him and inquired what amount had been collected. The Captain replied that it was still uncounted, but that it couldn't be much under a hundred. "Well, Brother Suggs, you'd better count it and turn it over to me now; I'm goin' to leave presently." "No," said Suggs; "can't do it." "Why? what's the matter?" inquired Bugg. "It's got to be prayed over fust," said Simon, a heavenly smile illuminating his whole face. "Well," replied Bugg, "less go one side and do it." "No," said Simon, solemnly. Mr. Bugg gave a look of inquiry. "You see that krick swamp?" asked Suggs. "I'm

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gwine down in thar, and I'm gwine to lay this money down so" (showing how he would place it on the ground), "and I'm gwine to git on these here knees" (slapping the right one), "and I'm n-e-v-e-r gwine to quit the grit ontwell I feel it's got the blessin'." And nobody ain't got to be thar but me!"

Mr. Bugg greatly admired the Captain's fervent piety, and, bidding him godspeed, turned off. Capt. Suggs "struck" for the swamp sure enough, where his horse was already hitched. "Ef them fellers ain't done to a cracklin'," he muttered to himself as he mounted, "I'll never bet on two pair ag'in. They're peart at the snap game theyselves, but they're badly lewed this hitch. Well, 'live and let live' is a good old motter, and it's my sentiments adzactly!" And giving the spur to his horse, off he cantered.

Mr. Hooper's book is at present

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inaccessible to the general reader, hence larger selections have been made than will be done in other cases. Judge Longstreet was a Democrat in politics, but it is to be noted that Baldwin and Hooper were both Whigs, but, unlike Col. Crockett, their humor was not employed to promote their political views.

William Tappan Thompson.

WHO has not heard of Maj. Jones and his courtship of Miss Mary Stallins? Who has not laughed over the Christmas present which he gave Miss Mary? In fact, Maj. Jones is much better known than his creator, Mr. Thompson. In this justly famous courtship from the very beginning "Barkis is willin'," so far as both young people are concerned, and the old folks as well, and the final result is assured. Yet the advances made are so grotesque and withal so natural and country folks like that interest is maintained until the consummation of shrewd plans and joyous hopes in the happy marriage which all saw was bound to follow. Nor does interest lag when the Major starts on his trav-

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els and visits the great cities, leaving the wife at home, however much against his will, for Maj. Jones and his Mary, contrary to the custom of some, continued to be sweethearts after marriage.

William Tappan Thompson was born in Ravenna, Ohio, August 31, 1812. His father was a Virginian, and his mother Irish. He lost his mother at the age of eleven, when his father removed to Philadelphia, and soon after died. Young Thompson then entered the office of the *Philadelphia Chronicle*, which place he left to become Secretary to James D. Westcott, Territorial Governor of Florida. He studied law, but in 1835 became associated with Judge Longstreet in editing the *State Rights Sentinel*, published at Augusta, Ga. He served in the Seminole war, and in the autumn of 1836 established at Augusta the *Mirror*, the first purely literary paper attempted in the State. This,

William Tappan Thompson.

like most Southern ventures of the kind, was merged in the *Family Companion*, at Macon, whither Mr. Thompson betook himself.

As editor of the *Miscellany*, at Madison, he won his first reputation by the "Major Jones Letters," contributed to the paper. In 1845 he was at first associate, then sole editor of the *Western Continent*, at Baltimore, but afterwards went to Savannah, Ga., and founded the *Morning News*, with which he was connected until his death, March 24, 1882.

In the civil war Mr. Thompson was aid to Gov. Joseph Brown. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1868, and a member of the constitutional convention in 1877. Some of his editorials were bitter, but his life was simple and genial. His literary efforts are pure and of the kindest spirit.

"Major Jones's Courtship" was

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published in Philadelphia in 1840; "Major Jones's Chronicles of Pineville," in 1843; "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," in 1848; "The Live Indian," a farce, and a dramatization of the "Vicar of Wakefield" were produced in this country and abroad with success. He also edited one of the State codes, and after his death a daughter, Mrs. Wade, published another collection of his sketches under the title, "John's Alive; or, The Bride of a Ghost, and Other Sketches." Mr. Thompson will live as Maj. Jones and in his courting character rather than as a traveler. There is space only for a few brief snatches as setting forth his style:

"You know the Stallinses lives on the plantation in the summer, and goes to town in the winter. Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who, you know, is the darlinest gal in the county, come home tother day to see her folks. You know, she's been to the

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female college down to Macon for most a year now. Before she went she used to be jest as plain as a old shoe, and used to go fishin' and huckleberryin' with us, with nothin' but a calico sunbonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever seed. Well I always used to have a sort of a sneakin' notion after Mary Stallins, and so when she come I brushed up, and was 'termined to have a right serious talk with her about old matters, not knowing but she mought be captivated by some of them Macon fellers. Miss Mary looked mighty sort o' reddish when I shuck her hand and told her howdy, and she made a sort of stoop over and a dodge back, like the little gals does to the schoolmarm, and said: 'Good evening, Mr. Jones.' (She used to always call me jest Joe.) Well, we sot thar and talked, and the way I spit was 'larm-in' to the crickets. I axed Miss Mary if she had any bows down

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to Macon. 'O yes,' she said; and then she went on and named over Matthew Matix, Nat. Filosofy, Al. Geber, Retric Stronomy, and a whole heap of fellers, that she'd been keepin' company with most all her time. 'Wel,' ses I, 'I s'pose they're mazin' pop'lar with you, ain't they, Miss Mary?' for I felt mighty oneasy, and begun to spit a good deal worse. 'Yes,' ses she, 'they're the most interestin' companions I ever had, and I am anxious to resume their pleasant society.' I tell you what, that sort o' stumped me, and I spit right slap on the chunk, and made it 'flicker and flare' like the mischief. It was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blue as a Ginny squash."

With various amusing and sometimes embarrassing situations the courtship progressed, the usual rival appeared, and the corresponding hatred for such rival was felt, but the case is always entertaining. Timid-

William Tappan Thompson.

ity thwarts his various efforts to venture upon the subject nearest his heart, until fortune favors. This is best told in his own language :

“ ‘Never mind,’ ses Miss Mary, ‘Majer’s got to give me a C’ris’mus gift—won’t you, Majer?’ ‘O yes,’ ses I, ‘you know I promised you one.’ ‘But I didn’t mean that,’ ses she. ‘I’ve got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it,’ ses I. ‘O, that’s the kind,’ ses she. ‘But will you promise to keep it as long as you live?’ ses I.”

She promised, and sure enough something was found to be in the bag as it hung swayed by the bitterly cold wind.

“Bimeby they all come running out on the porch. ‘My goodness! what is it?’ ses Miss Mary. ‘O, it’s alive!’ ses Miss Kesiah. ‘I seed it move.’ ‘Call Cato, and make him cut the rope,’ ses Miss Carline, ‘and let’s see what it is. Come here,

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Cato, and git this bag down.' 'Don't hurt it for the world,' ses Miss Mary. Cato untied the rope that was round the jice and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I turned out, all covered with corn meal from head to foot. 'Goodness gracious!' ses Miss Mary, 'if it ain't the Majer himself!' 'Yes,' ses I, 'an' you know you promised to keep my C'ris'mus present as long as you lived.' The gals laughed themselves almost to death, and went to brushin' off the meal as fast as they could; sayin' they was gwine to hang that bag up every C'ris'mus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary (bless her eyes!) she blushed as beautiful as a morning-glory, and ses she'd stick to her word. She was right out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed. and her dress wasn't fixed at all, but the way she looked pretty was real distractin'. I do believe if I was froze stiff one look at her sweet face, as she stood thar' look-

William Tappan Thompson.¹

in' down to the floor with her roguish eyes, and her bright curls fallin' all over her snowy neck would have fotched me to. I tell you what, it was worth hangin' in a meal bag from one C'ris'mus to another to feel as I have ever sence."

Col. Davy Crockett.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction," says the adage, and it is verified in the case of Col. Davy Crockett, who fell among the last of the immortal band struck down at the Alamo. No character in all American fiction stands out in such life-like proportions as Col. Crockett, and yet his adventures were real. If courage and patriotism had not made him famous, his unswerving integrity, shrewd common sense, and quaint humor would have perpetuated his name. Davy Crockett was born in Greene County, Tenn., August 17, 1786. Being brought up as he was in a log cabin, he received little education, but early became noted as an expert marksman, trained in the lore of the forest. He commanded a battalion of rifles in the Creek campaign. He

Colonel Davy Crockett.

lived for a time in Middle Tennessee, but finally settled near the Obion River, in West Tennessee.

Col. Crockett, after having served in the Legislature, was elected to Congress in 1827, and served two terms. He was defeated for the third term, but reelected later on. He was a Jackson man at first, but, like John Bell and many others, disagreed with the national policy of Old Hickory. So firm a stand did he take that in a tour through Northern cities great crowds turned out to hear him arraign the administration of Jackson. Crockett picked up information rapidly, so that if caught unawares upon any point he sought information, and was soon in position to speak advisedly upon the subject. His motto was "Go ahead," and he never fell below his motto. In 1835 the entire power of the administration was put forth against him, and Crockett was defeated for Congress

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by a small majority. As he had previously announced in case of such event, he immediately set out for Texas. His dauntless courage at the Alamo is known to all the world. Crockett gave out his "Reminiscences" for publication because others had invented adventures for him. Even now it is next to impossible to determine the veracious from the fictitious, as almost anything of a comical nature which has happened to any one is credited to Crockett. Eccentric and unique he may have been, nevertheless his racy humor lifted him out of the ordinary, and his courage and straightforward honesty made him an honor to the State which seemed to drive him into the wilderness.

When his "Reminiscences" were published he gave the following account of the affair :

"I don't know of anything in my book to be criticised on by honora-

Colonel Davy Crockett.

ble men. Is it on my spelling? That's not my trade. Is it on my grammar? I hadn't time to learn it, and make no pretensions to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book? I never wrote one before, and never read very many, and of course know mighty little about that. Will it be on the authorship of the book? This I claim, and I'll hang on to it like a wax plaster. The whole book is my own, and every sentiment and sentence in it. I would not be such a fool, or knave either, as to deny that I have had it hastily run over by a friend or so, and that some little alterations have been made in the spelling and grammar; and I am not so sure that it is not the worse of even that, for I despise the way of spelling contrary to nature. And as for grammar, it's pretty much a thing of nothing at last, after all the fuss that's made about it. In some places I wouldn't suf-

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fer either the spelling, or grammar, or anything else to be touched, and therefore it will be found in my own way."

A glimpse of Col. Crockett in Philadelphia throws into bold relief the man as he was :

"Early after breakfast I was taken to the waterworks, where I saw several of the gentlemen managers. This is a grand sight, and no wonder the Philadelphians ask every one that comes : 'Have you seen the waterworks?' Just think of a few wheels throwing up more water than five hundred thousand people can use—yes, and waste, too, for such scrubbing of steps, and even the very pavements under your feet, I never saw. Indeed, I looked close to see if the housemaids had not web feet, they walked so well in water ; and as for a fire, it has no chance at all. They just screw on a long hollow leather with a brass nose on it, dash upstairs, and seem

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to draw on Noah's flood. The next place I visited was the mint. Here I saw them coining gold and silver in abundance, and they were the *raie e pluribus unum*; not this electioneering trash, that they send out to cheat the poor people, telling them they would all be paid in gold and silver, when the poor deceived creatures had nothing coming to them. A chip with a spit on the back of it is as good currency as an eagle, provided you can get the image of the bird. It's all nonsense. The President, both Cabinets, and Congress to boot, can't enact poor men into rich. Hard knocks, and plenty of them, can only build up a fellow's self."

The backwoods philosopher was equally at home in New York :

"From thence I went to the City Hall, and was introduced to the mayor of the city and several of the aldermen. The mayor is a plain, common-sense looking man. I was

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told that he had been a tanner. That pleased me, for I thought both him and me had clumb up a long way from where we started, and it is truly as 'Honor and fame from no condition rise,' that 'It's the grit of a fellow that makes the man.' "

No one can read the life and autobiography of Crockett without having a higher appreciation of one of nature's noblemen.

Dr. George William Bagby.

It is a far cry from Davy Crockett to the genial and scholarly editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Dr. George William Bagby, who was *par excellence* the Virginian humorist. In fact, his humorous productions have a finer literary quality than those of any other Southerner.

Few of those who have recited, or heard others recite, "How Ruby Played," realize that the selection in question was written south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Dr. Bagby was born in the county of Buckingham, Va., August 13, 1828. He fought a battle with dyspepsia all his life. His education was attained partly at Princeton, N. J., and partly at Newark, Del., under the tuition of Dr. John S. Hart,

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whose "Manual of American Literature" was the first to take anything like adequate note of what the South had attempted in literature. At the close of the Sophomore year young Bagby left college to study medicine, taking his degree of M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. His sign appeared at Lynchburg, his father's home, though, like Keats, he cared for literature more. Local fame soon came to the new contributor to local papers, and early in the fifties we find him owner and editor of the *Express* at Lynchburg. This was a bright journal, but closed its career in two or three years. In the meantime Dr. Bagby had written for *Harper's Magazine* several articles which attracted attention. Soon after he became Washington correspondent of the *New Orleans Crescent*, while at the same time he contributed to a variety of publications, including the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Southern*

Dr. George William Bagby.

Literary Messenger. In the latter periodical he first made a popular and lasting impression as a humorist of fresh and rare powers. Slangy but fresh as morning dew in May were "Letters of Mozis Addums to Billy Evans, of Kurdsville," in which the sights and wonders of a large city are described by a rustic writer to a rustic reader. The success of these efforts naturally pointed to him as the successor of John R. Thompson, whose failing health demanded a change.

Dr. Bagby took editorial charge of the *Messenger* in 1860, when every wind blew war and not literature. During the war he was Richmond correspondent of a large number of Southern papers, and at the close, in consequence of a partial failure of eyesight, he took the lecture field. In 1863 he was married to Miss Park Chamberlayne, of Richmond, hence must have a profession. New York became the

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center of his operations in 1865. Some of his lectures, such as "Bacon and Greens," "The Disease Called Love," and "Womenfolks," attained great success, but when he essayed "The Virginian Negro" the North was not then ready to learn the truth. He returned South and became editor of the *Native Virginian*, published at Orange Courthouse. In 1869 he became State Librarian of Virginia for a time. About this time he wrote "Meekinses' Twinses," which equaled "Mozis Addums" in popularity, and "Rubenstein at the Piano," which has gone into almost every collection of recitations. His articles and sketches continued until he passed away, in 1883. In 1884 his wife published "Selections from His Writings" in two volumes, written in high literary art, though Dr. Bagby is said to have created a style peculiarly his own. Genuine humor, as well as sound philosophy,

Dr. George William Bagby.

abounds. Brief selections would be rank injustice. The "Old Virginia Gentleman" is characteristic both of subject and writer, since he himself was one of the truest exemplars of that type. "There is no man left in Virginia fit to lift the lid of his inkstand," wrote Dr. Lafferty. "Never in Virginia letters shall we see his like again," wrote John Esten Cooke.

Charles Henry Smith and Others.

ABOUT the close of the civil war, while Southern people were faint under the weight of grief and woe, a voice began to chirp a cheerier note, even when treating of war and reconstructive topics, and smiles returned here and there instead of tears. The "Country Philosopher" was known as Bill Arp. His war articles were collected later on under the title, "A Side View of the Other Side of the Question." This collection, brimful of humor and good cheer, as well as philosophy, was very distinctly Southern, but did not preach that all was lost. In time Bill Arp was identified as Col. C. H. Smith, of Georgia, who continues to dispense fun and good advice to his fellow-countrymen.

Soon after the war the pseudonym

Charles Henry Smith and Others.

Sut Lovingood became quite familiar in newspaper circles, particularly in the latitude of Tennessee. His sketches, coarse as they were, came to be much sought after. Some of his situations are comical, but the book in which they were finally collected will hardly prove immortal. The author was GEORGE W. HARRIS, an East Tennessean, said to have been very somber and quiet.

In Col. Watterson's admirable collection he names among newspaper wits GEORGE D. PRENTICE as chief, of course, then follows JOHN E. HATCHER, who wrote under the name of G. Washington Bricks. Mr. Hatcher was a brilliant paragrapher, and became more necessary to the paper as Mr. Prentice grew older. John Happy was Mr. ALBERT ROBERTS, of Nashville. His utterances during the war were bright flashes to illumine the dreary hours of camp life. There is a tendency to burlesque in the Southern

Southern Humorists.

character, to make the most of a disagreeable situation—in fact, to treat misfortune as a joke unless the tragedy be too real. Many pages have been filled with the comical sayings of “Johnny Reb,” uttered some of them in the darkest days of the Confederacy, when “unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster.”

The complaint was made against Poe that he lacked humor, but no such charge can be sustained against Southern writers of recent date. The most delicate touches of humor, as well as the fun of the “laugh and grow fat” kind, abound in the pages of Uncle Remus, Thomas Nelson Page, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Frances Courtney Baylor—in fact, in larger or smaller degree in all the *post bellum* writers who have succeeded in large manner in turning in their direction the eyes of the English-speaking world.

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DO great crises produce great men, or do men of inherent greatness coming in groups lift their age out of the ordinary limit and range of events? This is an old question. There are manifold good men whose prayer is for unity of belief and uniformity of civil institutions as being the state most conducive to the development of the race; there are others who believe that amid the lashings of mental and moral conflict, and the howlings of political storms—yea, amid the thundering guns of revolution—the human mind awakes from its lassitude, breaks from its fetters, and soars to the lofty realms of genius. Be this as it may, great occasions and great

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men join hands and together walk over the earth. There have been great commanders in all great wars. When a Philip has sought to overthrow liberty, a Demosthenes has appeared, when a Catiline would destroy his country, a Cicero has thundered from the forum ; when a tyrant would oppress a struggling people, a Patrick Henry has not been wanting. Political eloquence has often been the thunder which has frightened oppressors, but the lightnings which these thunders have voiced have been the silent products from the pens of political philosophers—the Miltons and Rousseaus—recluses who have directed the trend of human opinion and molded systems of political principles working alone far from the storm-torn whirl of strife and passion. The letters of James Otis and Samuel Adams immediately prior to the American Revolution

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prepared the way in New England for the eloquence of John Adams, the string of resolutions from the pen of Patrick Henry meant more to the excited but hesitating colonies than the fiery speech which perhaps in its exact verbiage has never been correctly reported. There were no shorthand reporters to take down the flaming orations of patriot orators, but reports were made from memory often long after the occasion which called forth the effort. During the exciting period preceding the Revolution political letters, newspaper articles, and political pamphlets were abundant. Many of these were anonymous, depending alone on arguments to give them force, but others were signed by their authors, often men of the greatest prominence.

An official document of highest importance which has excited much comment on account of its resem-

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blance to the Declaration of Independence was the Mecklenburg Declaration adopted by Mecklenburg County, N. C., May 20, 1775, more than a year before Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, moved in Congress to declare the colonies free. The Mecklenburg document was not widely published at the time, hence there have been historians who denied its existence, but hardly any such are found after the investigation of the last few decades.

A little earlier than Jefferson's immortal paper was George Mason's Bill of Rights. From an article in the *Southern Bivouac* of August, 1885, the following is taken: "May 15, 1776, a committee, including Mr. Mason, having been appointed to draw up a bill of rights and a constitution for the State of Virginia, George Mason, Mr. Madison declares, as if by tacit consent

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of the men who formed that committee, at once took the lead and drew up the Bill of Rights, which, with immaterial alterations, was adopted. He was also, continues Mr. Madison, the author and master builder of the Constitution, being thus the main architect of the first form of government perfected in America."

George Mason is less known than other leaders of his time, but then he shunned rather than courted political office. Again quoting from the *Bivouac*: "The Bill of Rights and original Constitution of the State of Virginia constitute the first written form of government ever adopted by a free people. A model was thus presented, more or less closely followed by the other States, and largely used in the construction of the original form of the Constitution of the United States. George Mason, of Gunston Hall,

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commonly known to his contemporaries as Colonel Mason, was the author of those remarkable papers which were long attributed, even in Virginia, to the pen of Mr. Jefferson. The name and fame of George Mason are well known to students and scholars, but to the people they are almost unknown. . . .

George Mason, the statesman, was born in Stafford County, Va., in the year 1725. He was married on the 4th day of April, 1750, to Ann Eilbeck, daughter of William Eilbeck, of Charles County, Md. In the year 1755 he built the mansion of Gunston Hall, and there established his home; there, in the year 1790, he died and was buried beside his wife, who had preceded him to the final rest."

It is perhaps too much to say this was the first written form of government ever adopted by a free people, as attention has been called

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to the fact that New Hampshire adopted a written constitution six months earlier and that South Carolina adopted a written constitution March 26, 1776, while two days after the adjournment of the Virginia Convention New Jersey adopted the Constitution which continued in vogue until 1844. This does not detract from the merits of the Bill of Rights and Virginia Constitution, but shows that a common impulse moved people widely scattered—that the Constitution idea was rife in the air, as it were. Much of this impulse is to be traced in origin to the English revolution of 1688 and the attendant resolutions in Parliament. But of the Virginian preëminence in these times there can be no doubt. Henry Adams, the New England historian, ranks “the severe beauty of George Mason’s Virginia Bill of Rights” with Jefferson’s Declaration of Inde-

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pendence and the unrivaled legal opinions of Chief Justice John Marshall.

Prior to writing the Bill of Rights Mr. Mason had drawn up what is known as the Fairfax Resolutions. These were a dignified but earnest protest against the aggressions of the crown adopted July 17, 1774, by the freeholders of Fairfax County assembled at the courthouse, George Washington in the chair. These resolutions, according to Mr. Madison, became the nucleus of the Declaration, however, Mr. Pendleton was chairman of the committee which brought forward the resolutions and may have taken part in their authorship. Mr. Mason's home was near that of Washington and was a sort of political headquarters to which many public men came, Washington among the number, until such time as he and Mason became estranged. At a

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later period Washington was supposed to lean to the federalistic view of government; while Mr. Mason, aided by his friend and coadjutor, Patrick Henry, prepared the way for the triumph of State rights ideas in the elevation of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency. Mr. Mason was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and became the author, expounder, and defender of the doctrine of State rights within the Union. When he came to believe these in danger of absorption by the Federal Government under the new Constitution, he withdrew from the Convention and joined with Mr. Henry in opposing its adoption by the State of Virginia. Prior to this time other public service of far-reaching consequence had been accomplished by this patriot. Virginia originally owned most of the Northwestern Territory, from which several im-

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portant States have been carved. In 1781 a storm arose which threatened to engulf the new nation in civil war. Col. Mason came forward pleading the cause of harmony, and outlined the plan by which this territory was finally ceded to the general government and harmony restored. Though Mr. Mason refused to sign the Federal Constitution, nevertheless he was effective in shaping certain portions of the instrument, as for instance the power to coerce and punish a State opposing its will, so freely exercised by the Federal Government in the sixties, was expressly left out of the Constitution by the influence of Col. Mason. In another matter he failed. He foresaw the danger from presidential patronage, and wished to limit that official to a single term of seven years with limited patronage.

Thomas Jefferson.

SOME one has said: "All the truly great thinkers of the world can be counted on the fingers of one hand, but Thomas Jefferson is one of the number." The Lives of Jefferson are manifold and of easy access, hence this sketch will be brief, but mention must be made of the fact that his political writings—better his political philosophy—occupy several volumes. As to Jefferson and the early influences which wrought upon him, no better account can be given than that of Judge J. G. Baldwin:

"Thomas Jefferson was born on the 2d day of April, 1703 (O. S.), at Shadwell, in the county of Albemarle, in the State of Virginia. If, as some suppose, the characters of men are modified by the physical

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scenery around them as they grow up to manhood, Jefferson was fortunate in the home of his youth ; for it is difficult to conceive of a landscape more beautiful and romantic than that which greeted his youthful vision. . . . In his seventeenth year Jefferson was sent to William and Mary College, at that time, and for many years subsequently, the most approved institution of letters in the State ; in whose venerable halls so many of the most eminent sons of that honored commonwealth were furnished forth with the first preparation for the distinguished parts they played in later life.

“It was in his twenty-third year, while a student of law at Williamsburg, under the pure and learned Wythe, that Jefferson heard Patrick Henry, in the House of Burgesses, declaiming against the Stamp Act. For a young man to

Thomas Jefferson.

hear Henry and to adopt his cause, were the same thing; for the great orator spoke under the double inspiration of eloquence and liberty. Henry was in the prime of his powers, and this speech was one of the greatest of his life. The scene then enacted was worthy of the historic pencil; the orator, kindling with the fire of Ezekiel, and pouring forth from his impassioned soul, aflame with liberty, the thoughts so long imprisoned and burning for utterance in the solitude of the forest; quelling opposition; cowing the bold by greater boldness; inspiring the timid; and pleading the cause of his countrymen with a rapt enthusiasm akin to inspiration; his voice swelling out its thunder tones, his form dilated, and his countenance transfigured. And then the young auditor in the lobby, strangely thrilling and carried away captive by the new influence throb-

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bing in his heart and firing his brain; that stranger, a rude, unfashioned youth then, but predestinated to be, and receiving then the impulse which was to make him one of the most effective of all the champions of freedom in the world. It is barely too extravagant a figure to say that the neophyte votary was thus baptized to liberty in the fire and the flood of Henry's eloquence. We pass rapidly over other passages in the life of Jefferson; his election, in 1769, by the people of his county to a seat in the Legislature, which he held to the time of the revolution, and signalized by his unsuccessful proposition for the emancipation of the slaves of the State; his appointment as member of the Correspondence Committee established by the colonial Legislature; his address to the king, in 1774, so commended by Burke, vin-

Thomas Jefferson.

dicating the claims of the colonies ; and his election, in 1775, as one of the delegates of Virginia to the Continental Congress. And now discontent had grown into agitation, and agitation had passed to the verge of revolution. The colonies were ripe for open revolt ; indeed, the field had been taken in Massachusetts, and the first blood of the war shed. Mighty events were on the wing. The country stood still and silent, as men stand on the eve of a great explosion. The crisis had come when the work of a moment controls the events of centuries, and tells the destiny of millions. The crisis was boldly met, and the venture boldly taken. It fell to the task of Jefferson to announce the decision to the world, and to appeal to that world in vindication of its justice. No hope was left of conciliation, and no chance of retreat ; and the Declaration rang out its burn-

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ing word of defiance and resolute resistance. The country answered back with shouts and huzzas."

While Jefferson was at antipodes to the Federalistic ideas of Hamilton, and more than any other was father to the political system of the rule of the people by the people themselves, and gave his pen untiringly to its promulgation and his influence to its enforcement, yet the great master piece of his production was the Declaration of Independence. While it breathes forth the aroma of liberty astir in the air at the time, it nevertheless is instinct with the personality of Jefferson. More than this, its portents, like the messages of the old prophets, were for the ages beyond the dreams of him who gave it utterance. Many things led to the state of public feeling which gave birth to the Declaration, Tom Paine's "Common Sense" having been one of the agents

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in stirring the minds of the people. But among the most cogent reasons for taking the step was the fact that, for many of the colonies, Henry's alternative liberty or death was inevitable. Morse, in his "Thomas Jefferson," says:

"It was time to transmute him from a rebel into a foreigner. Nor had the members of Congress any chance of escaping the hangman's rope unless this alteration could be accomplished for all the colonists. For all prominent men, alike in military and in civil life, it was now independence or destruction.

"Virginia instructed her delegates to move that Congress should declare 'the United Colonies free and independent States,' and on June 7 Richard Henry Lee offered resolutions accordingly. In debate upon these on June 8 and 10, it appeared, says Jefferson, that certain of the

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colonies 'were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but that they were fast advancing to that state.' To give the laggards time to catch up with the vanguard, further discussion was postponed until July 1. But to prevent loss of time when debate should be resumed, Congress, on June 11, appointed a committee charged to prepare a Declaration of Independence, so that it might be ready at once when it should be wanted. The members, in the order of choice by ballot, were: Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingstone. For the last hundred years one of the first facts taught to any child of American birth is, that Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. The original draft shows two or three trifling alterations, interlined in the handwritings of Franklin and Adams. Otherwise

Thomas Jefferson.

it came before Congress precisely as Jefferson wrote it. Many years afterwards John Adams gave an account of the way in which Jefferson came to be the composer of this momentous document, differing slightly from the story told by Jefferson. But the variance is immaterial, hardly greater than any experienced lawyer would expect to find between the testimony of two honest witnesses to any transaction, especially when given after the lapse of many years, and when one at least had no memoranda for refreshing his memory. Jefferson's statement seems the better entitled to credit, and what little corroboration is to be obtained for either narrator is wholly in his favor. He says simply that when the committee came together he was pressed by his colleagues unanimously to undertake the draft; that he did so; that, when he had prepared it, he submitted it

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to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, separately, requesting their corrections, 'which were two or three only, and merely verbal,' 'interlined in their own handwritings;' that the report in this shape was adopted by the committee, and a 'fair copy,' written out by Mr. Jefferson, was then laid before Congress."

As to how Jefferson came to write the Declaration there has been much discussion. He had previously drawn up two papers in committee, one of which was accepted without change, the other being rewritten by another hand. In regard to the choice of Jefferson for the honor, Morse says: "A somewhat more interesting discussion concerns the question, how Jefferson came to be named first on the committee, to the entire exclusion of Lee, to whom, as mover of the resolution, parliamentary etiquette would have assigned the chairman-

Thomas Jefferson.

ship. Many explanations have been given, of which some at least appear the outgrowth of personal likings and dislikings. It is certain that Jefferson was not only preëminently fitted for the very difficult task of this peculiar composition, but also that he was a man without an enemy. His abstinence from any active share in debate had saved him from giving irritation; and it is a truth not to be concealed, that there were cabals, bickerings, heart-burnings, perhaps actual enmities, among the members of that famous body, which, grandly as it looms up, and rightly too, in the mind's eye, was after all composed of jarring human ingredients. It was well believed that there was a faction opposed to Washington, and it was generally suspected that irascible, vain, and jealous John Adams, then just rising from the ranks of the people, made in this matter com-

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mon cause with the aristocratic Virginian Lees against their fellow-countryman. Adams frankly says that he himself was very unpopular; and therefore it did not help Lee to be his friend. Furthermore, the anti-Washingtonians were rather a clique or faction than a party, and were greatly outnumbered. Jay, too, had his little private pique against Lee. So it is likely enough that a timely illness of Lee's wife was a fortunate excuse for passing him by, and that partly by reason of admitted aptitude, partly because no risk could be run of any interference of personal feelings in so weighty a matter, Jefferson was placed first on the committee, with the natural result of doing the bulk of its labor."

This Declaration was not meant, as Mr. Jefferson says, "to invent new ideas altogether, and to offer no sentiment which had ever been

Thomas Jefferson.

expressed before." It was merely to clothe in befitting language the principles which had been agreed upon, and for which patriots were willing to offer their lives, hence any discussion as to originality is puerile. After all it was a thrilling message to mankind expressed in lofty utterance, and ought to be read in public assembly in every community each succeeding Fourth of July. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia" showed his eagerness to have his commonwealth properly presented to mankind. His letters fill several volumes, and his political documents have long formed a groundwork of principles for the great party first called Republican, later Democratic.

James Madison.

MR. MADISON is called "the father of the Constitution." The Convention which met in May, 1787, was called together rather to repair the Articles of Confederation than to adopt a new instrument. This was soon found to be impossible, and discord arose, which, for a time, threatened to rend the body and even the nation asunder.

A paper had been written by James Madison prior to the meeting of the Constitutional Convention, and laid before his colleagues from Virginia. This was made the basis of the Virginia plan, and out of this was evolved the Constitution. In addition to being the architect of the plan, he was the author of the larger part of its details. Then no man did more to prepare

James Madison.

the public mind to receive the instrument. Madison as a joint contributor with Hamilton and Jay to the collection of papers called the Federalist, was designated the father of the Federalist party, however much he may have differed from some of their opinions at a later period. In fact, so well did he and Jefferson agree, during the Presidency of Madison, that a friendly correspondence was construed by enemies into an attempt on the part of the ex-President to influence his successor in office.

George Washington.

WHILE the letters, messages, and various documents written by the father of his country occupy several volumes, his theories, hopes, and fears as to the conduct and safety of his country are embodied in his Farewell Address. Its admonitions come to us with peculiar force in these days when there is a tendency on the part of many of the people to break away from the well-established policy of the nation as pursued by the fathers, and enter upon a political arena hitherto untrod by the republic. Many questions have arisen as to how much of this address was based on Washington's notes, how much came from the hand of Hamilton, and what is due to the finishing touches of Madison, but the Farewell Ad-

George Washington.

dress is truly Washington's, as it speaks his sentiments and breathes his spirit.

The messages and other state papers of Washington are of vast importance, as showing many of the steps taken in giving the infant government its present shape. Many of these papers dealt with questions new in the science of government.

More than any other, Chief Justice John Marshall, of Virginia, served to fix the meaning of the new Constitution. He was appointed by President Adams in 1800, and during the succeeding thirty-five years rendered decisions sufficient to fill thirty volumes. Many of these were upon constitutional questions, and continue to be cited as the highest authority. Judge Marshall had served in the army and in many of the most important civil offices, including that of joint envoy to France with Mr. Pinck-

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ney and Mr. Gerry. He was a member of the Virginia State Convention, which ratified the Constitution by a vote of eighty-nine to seventy-nine. Mr. Marshall took prominent part in the proceedings, generally answering Patrick Henry's objections. Among the master pieces of American biography will ever remain Marshall's "Life of Washington," which is also enriched by the author's view on questions of public importance. He is reported to have said that if he were worthy of a monument, it would be found in his judicial decisions.

John Caldwell Calhoun.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN was born March 18, 1782, in Abbeville District, South Carolina. He graduated at Yale in 1804, having raised great expectations by his brilliancy in College. He read law and began the practice, but in the stirring political times a man of Calhoun's talents could hardly have escaped the call of his country. In his earlier political views he agreed with Clay, both being strong advocates and promoters of the war of 1812. Midway between the extreme federalism of Hamilton and the extreme State rights views of George Mason and of Thomas Jefferson, as expressed in his draft of the celebrated Kentucky resolutions, stood Clay and Webster with the adherents of the great Whig party.

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This, as led by Mr. Clay, aimed to preserve the Union by mutual concession and compromise rather than coercion.

As the abolition party of the East grew in numbers and power, appealing to higher law as superior to the Constitution, the Southern States came more and more to see the need of a strict construction of the Constitution. Chief Justice Marshall had fixed the status of that instrument as being beyond the reach of legislative enactment. Gradually Mr. Calhoun became the leader of those who held that the Constitution is a full and final chart in matters of government. Great as was the variance between Jackson and Clay, they agreed on one vital point: the Union must be preserved. This was shown in Jackson's attitude toward the Nullification Act of South Carolina, and in the speeches of Clay, which proved po-

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tent enough to hold the Northern States of the Confederacy of 1861, so long trembling in a state of indecision.

Those who held that the union of States was a partnership from which any and all members of the partnership might voluntarily and peaceably withdraw were not those who were least concerned about the perpetuity of the Union. On the contrary, the power supposed to be inherent in the State to nullify or declare void, in the case of that State, unjust or unconstitutional acts of the general government was supposed to be necessary to the continuance of that government. A member of the firm might refuse to be bound by the act of the other members without dissolving the firm—such nullification act merely meant that there must be a temporary arrest of proceeding—a pause to settle the difference, nothing

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more. John C. Calhoun was an ardent Unionist, but greatly feared the result of Northern agitation, hence with his ability of leadership and knowledge of constitutional law he became the leading expositor of the Constitution from the standpoint of his school, which held that nullification might be necessary in some cases in order to prevent revolution. The Kentucky resolutions of 1798 was a declaration as expressive as anything Calhoun ever taught, but the touchstone came when Calhoun's native State attempted to act upon the theory so long held by some of the master spirits of the republic.

The determined attitude of President Jackson toward South Carolina on the passage of the Nullification Act was not unexpected by those who knew that the Union sentiments inculcated by Clay and Jackson through all their public ca-

John Caldwell Calhoun.

reer had made it impossible for the schemes of a Burr to find countenance west of the Alleghanies, yet that attitude more than all things else led to the spread of sentiments favorable to secession as the final remedy for evils which seemed inevitably connected with the rapid settlement of the great Northwest and the rapid growth of Northern cities, with the consequent certainty of the loss of prestige and power of self-protection on the part of the South. The Constitution guaranteed slavery. More and more did the idea prevail in the North that slavery must be abolished, Constitution or no Constitution. In the South the feeling rapidly grew that if there was not security under the Constitution at one point there could hardly be at any, hence overt acts on the part of those who disregarded the Constitution and held to the "higher law" might make it

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necessary to withdraw from a Union in which their rights were no longer secure.

Many doubted the expediency, but few the right of withdrawing from the national compact. A belief in this right was as old as the government, but the discussions fill many volumes of the political literature from the days of the Hartford Convention until the close of the reconstruction period. Calhoun was in no sense the author of secession or even nullification, but his voluminous exposition of the relation of the States to the federal Union as expressed in the Constitution became, as it were, a text-book of Southern statesmen for quite a period prior to 1861, even such conservatives as Alexander H. Stephens holding tenaciously to the partnership theory of government, in which the States were free to continue or to withdraw.

Historical Writers.

TIME must give the perspective which is necessary to produce the historian, hence there were few historical writers in America prior to the civil war. Since that period the absence of great libraries containing original sources of information would have hampered Southern effort in this direction even in the absence of other hindrances. However, as gatherers of material for the historian who shall arise when the mists of prejudice and the clouds of passion shall have been blown away by the wind of time, some have done important work. In almost every Southern State is to be found the work of patient and patriotic investigators. Many of these have preserved material which

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would otherwise have been lost forever.

Historians have not yet given full credit to the work of CAPT. JOHN SMITH, a maker as well as a writer of history. This work has been noticed, however inadequately, in the earlier part of this series. On the writings of Smith is based the earlier history of Virginia as set forth by Stith and others in the histories of Virginia. Other writers a little later than Capt. Smith continued the accounts of the early settlers. Robert Beverly, Col. William Byrd, and many others have given lively accounts of various periods of Virginia history. South Carolina had as historians David Ramsey, of more than local fame, as well as William Gilmore Simms, in his "History of South Carolina." Louisiana had Judge Gayarre, as well as a number of less known chroniclers. However, Charles Campbell is not

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to be included in these last, as his is perhaps the most satisfactory presentation of early Virginia history extant. Few men have done for a State what has been accomplished for Georgia by Charles Colcock Jones, Jr.

Ramsey's "Annals of Tennessee," French's "Louisiana," Hawk's "North Carolina," and some others are rather collections of historical material and documents than attempts to weave facts into entertaining narrative. Among local works rising to the dignity of histories of more than local merit may be mentioned Humphrey Marshall's "History of Kentucky" in two volumes; Albert James Pickett's "History of Alabama," and incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, from the "Earliest Period," which is a spirited narrative in two volumes concerning what is included in the title. William Bacon Ste-

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vens's "History of Georgia" is rated one of the best of State histories. The same meed of praise may safely be given Robert R. Howison's "History of Virginia;" while Simms's "History of South Carolina," with its beautiful literary style, has one fault: brevity. One of the most important historical works of the South is David Ramsey's "History of the American Revolution" in three volumes. Add to this "The War in the South," by Light-Horse Harry Lee, and the revolutionary period of American history is well set forth. Of the names which will continue to live as historians, perhaps more particular notice may be given David Ramsey, C. C. Jones, and Charles E. Gayerre.

DAVID RAMSEY was born in Pennsylvania in 1799, was educated at Princeton, studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and removed to Charleston, S. C., to

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practice medicine. He was celebrated as a patriot as well as a writer of more than ordinary ability. In addition to the two historical works already mentioned, he wrote a *Life of Washington*, *Universal History*, as well as a number of miscellaneous works.

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR., was born at Savannah in 1831, and gave a large part of his life to the study of the history of Georgia and the Indian tribes of the South. His history of Georgia in two octavo volumes is the most exhaustive of any Southern colonial history. Several volumes devoted to Indian topics came from his pen, as well as several biographies of great importance. In addition he was one of the writers selected by Justin Winsor to make contributions to his great work, "*Narrative and Critical History of the United States.*" Col. Jones was a Confederate sol-

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dier, and has left a number of papers and addresses devoted to that subject. He died in 1893, at a time when greater things seemed possible to one so thoroughly well equipped for the work which lay near his heart.

For all time the one who would learn of the French and Spanish occupation of the Mississippi Valley must study the historical works of CHARLES E. GAYARRE. C. K. Adams, in his "Manual of Historical Literature," gives high praise to the "History of Louisiana," at first in five volumes, afterwards in four, by Judge Gayarre. Charles Gayarre, as he usually signed himself, was born in New Orleans January 9, 1805. He had passed his ninetieth birthday when he passed away. His was purest strain of Creole blood, hence he was much aggrieved by Mr. Cable and those who, as he thought, aspersed his

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people. He was educated in New Orleans, but studied law and was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia. In 1820 he was admitted to the bar in Louisiana, of which he was probably the oldest member at the time of his death. Literature began from the first to decoy him from the sterner mistress. An essay on the history of Louisiana written in French soon attracted attention. From the first his native State heaped honors upon him. Repeatedly was he a member of the Legislature, then Attorney-General, Judge, Secretary of State, and finally, in 1835, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. His health having become impaired, he resigned, and went abroad for eight years. In 1867 he came within a few votes of being reëlected to the same office. In 1873 he was appointed Reporter of Decisions of the Supreme Court, and published

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four volumes of the reports. His functions ceased with a change of administration. This was his last public office. As a member of the Legislature his services were in many ways of lasting benefit to the State. Such offices as he held came mainly without his seeking. At one time he might have had the nomination for Governor by asking for it. Through all these years he was preëminently a literary man. Prof. Fortier speaks of Judge Gayarre as one "whose name is to be seen on every page of the history of literature in Louisiana. Paul H. Hayne tells us that he was the author of upward of twoscore volumes, counting some addresses and unbound brochures. We can hardly understand how there could have been a world within a world, how in New Orleans there could have been a people distinct in language, culture, and literature. But such was the

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case, and we realize it if we look through a bookstore in the French portion of the city. French is yet spoken by many, and the laws are published in both French and English, but before the war papers and periodicals published in French were very numerous. Gayarre was master of both languages, and began his literary career in French, but felt the conquering force of English, and did his best work for an increasing instead of a diminishing audience. His most notable work was the "History of Louisiana," in four handsome volumes. Of this work George Bancroft wrote to him: "I have for many years been making manuscript and other collections, and all the best that I have found appears in your volumes." As early as 1846 Gayarre published a "History of Louisiana in French." He continued his researches until 1885, when his

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four volumes in English appeared. During his eight years' stay in France and Europe, he had gathered much original material. He was in position to have access to all possible sources of information at home. In his public administration he was practically the father of the Louisiana State library. From various records the historian wove a wondrous story. De Soto, LaSalle, Bienville, John Law, Gen. Jackson, Lafitte, live again. As next in rank of his works comes "Phillip II. of Spain." This has an introduction by Bancroft, in which America's greatest historian commends in strong terms the production of his brother historian. The list of Gayarre's writings is far too long to mention all. In addition to the publication of several volumes of history, biography, and romance, he published in various magazines numbers of historical

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and literary papers. One of the most notable efforts, and one among his last, is "The Creoles of History" and "The Creoles of Romance." This is a review of Mr. Cable's presentation of the Creoles, especially in "The Grandis-simes" and the Encyclopedia Britannica. At the close of that address he says that he "washes his hands of Mr. Cable."

"Thirty years in the United States Senate," by Thomas H. Benton, of Tennessee and Missouri, will ever remain a valuable compendium of political information. The scope of this work forbids a review of writings pertaining to the civil war, but to those interested in the political questions pertaining to that war the authorities upon the subject from the Southern point of view will no doubt continue to be the writings and speeches of Jefferson Davis, Alexander H.

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Stephens, Albert T. Bledsoe. All these are too well known to require further mention in a work of this scope. Many of those connected with the war have set forth their personal experiences, and it is to be hoped this will continue, for in no other way can material be collected for that fuller and fairer history which is inevitable. No Southerner has attempted a history of the United States *in extenso*. However, the earlier period has been covered by Mr. George Tucker, of Virginia, in a work of four meritorious volumes. Biography seldom rises to the dignity of literature; if so, the South would abound in literature, if the number of volumes produced should be the criterion. However, most of these have been written in a slipshod way by too partial admirers, with little regard to literary style, and often less regard for such facts as require painstaking and re-

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search. As to literary style, notable exceptions are found in the "Life of Washington," by "Parson Weems," and the "Life of Patrick Henry," by William Wirt. In both cases the line between the assuredly veritable and the apocryphal is difficult to locate—it is not absolutely certain that the man "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," ever owned a hatchet, nor can it now be ascertained how much of the great "liberty or death" speech fell from the lips of Patrick Henry, and how much from the facile and eloquent pen of Mr. Wirt. Nevertheless both are true pictures of the great characters represented, and only an iconoclast could wish to see a line of either work erased. Thousands have read both with profit and delight. Both are gems of literature.

MASON LOCKE WEEMS was born at Dumfries, Va., 1760, and was ed-

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educated in London as a clergyman. He was for some years rector of Pohick Church, Mt. Vernon Parish, of which Washington was an attendant. It is said that he was equally ready to speak, preach, or play the violin, and was humorous and interesting in conversation. His "Life of Washington" has been extremely popular. To him alone we are indebted for the hatchet story. He was author of the "Life of Marion" and other works.

Hardly any work in America has equaled in grace and beauty of style Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry." Of Wirt, Hart, in "American Literature," says: "WILLIAM WIRT was born at Bladenburg, Md., and lost both his parents (one Swiss and the other German) before he was eight years old. Through the kindness of friends and his own exertions, however, he managed to get an education, and was admitted to the

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bar in 1792. He practiced in various parts of Virginia, chiefly at Richmond, but won his first real distinction in the famous trial of Aaron Burr for high treason, at Richmond, in 1807. His forensic ability and his eloquence on that occasion gave him at once a national reputation. He was Attorney-General of the United States during three successive Presidential terms, 1817-1828. After retiring from the office of Attorney-General, in 1828, he removed to Baltimore, where he resided for the remainder of his life, practicing in the courts of that city and in the Supreme Court at Washington. Few American statesmen of equal standing have shown such decided marks of refined and elegant culture as Mr. Wirt; and had he given himself to a life of letters, he would have won great distinction as a writer. His publications were, "Letters of the British Spy,"

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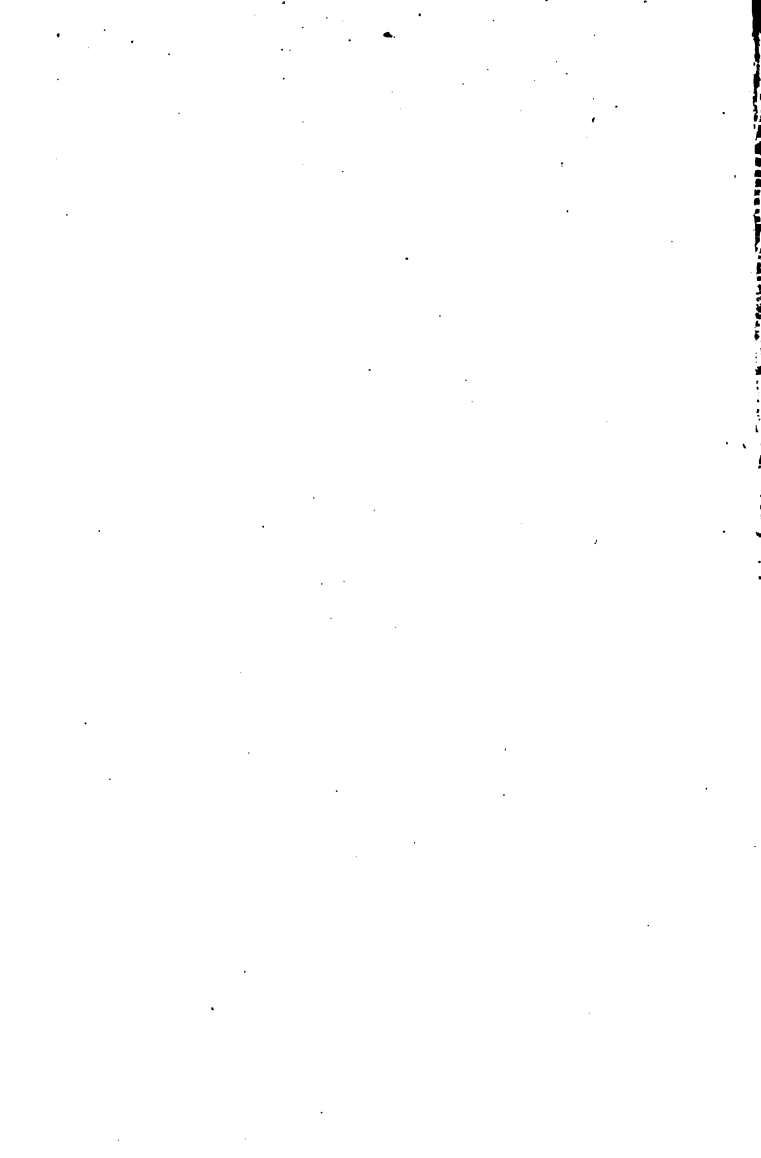
published originally in a Richmond paper, and purporting to be written by an Englishman traveling through Virginia and describing what he saw; "The Rainbow," a series of essays published originally in the *Richmond Inquirer*; "The Arguments in the Trial of Burr;" "The Old Bachelor," a collection of essays; "The Life of Patrick Henry." Mr. Wirt published also numerous addresses on public occasions. One of these, delivered before Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., was celebrated for its eloquence.

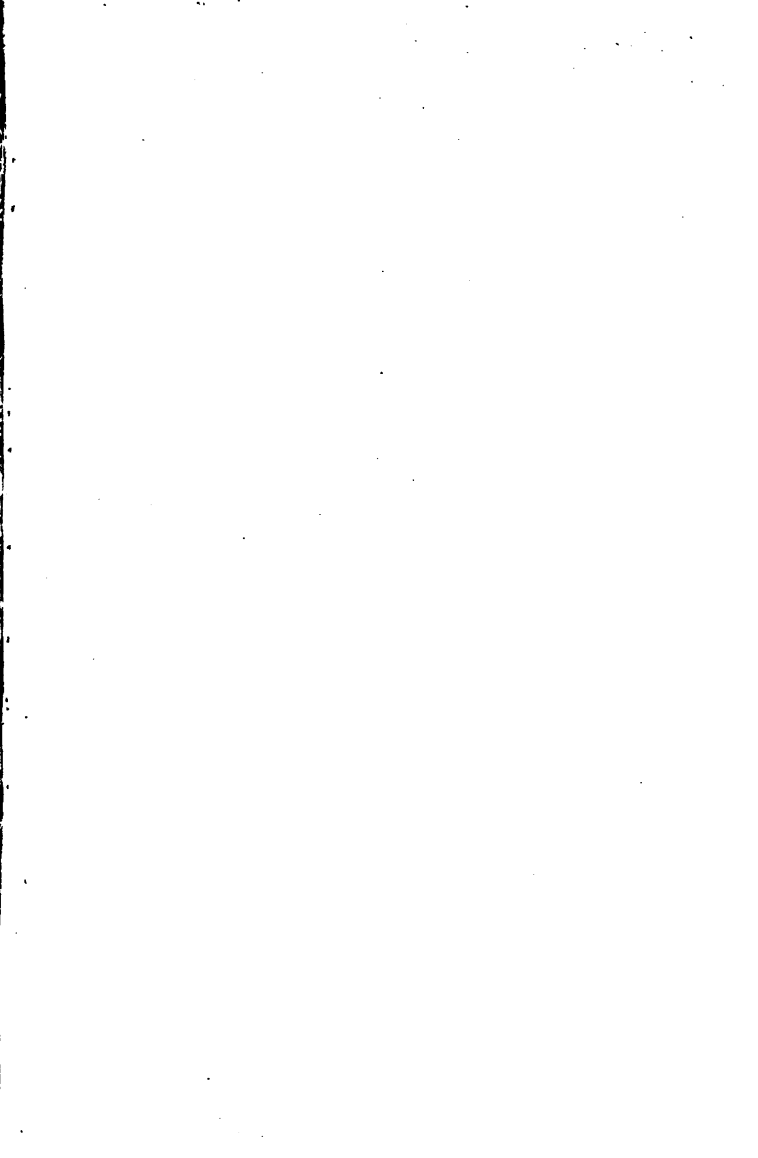
If scientific writers were included in these sketches, Maury and Audubon would take prominent place, but these, with numberless specialists who have shown marked ability in particular fields of research, must find adequate consideration elsewhere.

In concluding these too imper-

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fect sketches the writer is painfully aware of many omissions, and in some cases of having made too little research. The writing has been done in "brief snatches of time" taken from more serious employment, and cannot claim to be in any sense complete. Nevertheless a love for the subject and the interest of a few friends have been incentives to continue the pleasant task until the work has in a measure fulfilled the limits originally set for the undertaking. If a few shall be encouraged to take more interest in their own Southland and her earlier intellectual struggles, and shall aspire to larger efforts not only in these but in all true and noble lines, as true Southerners — as true and patriotic Americans — then the efforts of this writer shall not have been in vain—the sequel need not be written: "Love's labor's lost."









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